

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

No. 867, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Life of Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, K.G., &c. By Stanley Lane-Poole. (Longmans.)

(Second Notice.)

In the autumn of 1831, Canning was persuaded by Lord Palmerston to undertake another special mission to Turkey, Greece being again the object. He visited the Morea and other parts of the desolated land, where he was received with enthusiasm by the patriots; and he formed his opinions upon Argos and Capodistrias, Lord Elgin, Vogorides, and other matters. Arrived at Stambul early in the next year, he noted great and portentous changes—the old humiliating etiquette had been abolished, the foreigner was feared if not respected, and the unturbaned Osmanli was "drinking champagne like a Christian." And now, when treating with the "portentous Turk," he saw the opportunity of posing as a great reformer, of galvanising, if not quickening, the moribund empire, and of becoming archiater to the Sick Man.

"I want," he wrote, "to see her [Turkey] in a situation to receive the full tide of European civilisation, to take her proper [?] place in the general councils of Europe, and to base her military and financial system on the only true foundations of security for persons and property" (i. 508).

Thus a mighty change of tone had been wrought by a decade or so, at the beginning of which he exclaimed, "I wish with all my soul that the sultan were driven bag and baggage into the heart of Asia" (i. 307). This vision of reform was the will-o'-the-wisp, whose treacherous light misled the rest of his career and landed him at last in a slough of despond. Even genius cannot metamorphose hyenas and foxes into what our amiable cousins call "smelling dogs." National transformations must come from within; imported from without they savour of the farcical. Japan would appear to be a remarkable exception; but we have still to learn how the transformation will work, or be worked.

This "brilliant and successful mission," as Lord Pam. termed it, ended with a return to England, and was followed by the Grand Cross of the Bath. Canning naïvely shows (ii. 8) how the "Yes, Sir Stratford," of waiters and cooks gratified his *amour-propre*. He had hardly time to find London "a horrid town," when he was gazetted ambassador to the Emperor of all the Russias, and at St. Petersburg he was curtly rejected as a *persona ingrata*. Upon this important subject the biographer is most unsatisfactory (i. 374, ii. 18-20). He assures us that the Czar and the diplomat never met except at a formal

reception in Paris (1814). But the late Lord Clanricarde, than whom none better knew the diplomatic holes and corners of his own day, assured me that there had been a dispute in St. Petersburg (1824), and that the fault lay with the future ambassador's unmanageable temper. The rejection inflamed his wrath, and his friends treated it as an insult to England, as if any country can claim a right to impose upon another an unwelcome envoy. The blunderer in this case was Lord Pam., who should have ascertained the Czar's views before laying himself open to such a slight. Not that we should think much of it in these times, when we tamely suffer "those schoolboy Yankees" to turn out a British minister for writing a private note on public matters, nor visit the "electioneering dodge" with a return in kind. But the Russian incident, unimportant as it appeared, was destined to bear the bitterest fruit some twenty years afterwards, when the personal rancours of two imperious and vindictive old men deluged South-eastern Europe with blood, made England a mere satellite to France, and converted Russia from a friendly rival to an angry and acrimonious enemy. It scores, however, one for Czar Nicholas that he had the grace to address his arch-foe a letter of thanks, recognising the kindly treatment of Russian war-prisoners.

A pacific mission to Madrid for arbitrating between Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel was preceded by a journey "like diplomatic gypsies wandering from court to court with their children at their backs." Canning found "your Spaniard as hard a negotiator as your Turk," suspected that he had been sent on a fool's errand, refused the ambassadorship to the court of Spain, and returned to England and the House (1833-41). His hopes of place in the Conservative Cabinet having, happily for his fame, been frustrated, he set off on his fourth mission to Constantinople, where his dreams of regeneration began to assume concrete form. Mahmud, the stout-hearted Janissarycide, had been succeeded by Abdü'l-Majid, an "amiable and irresolute youth"—in plain English, a mere tool for the able handler. Reshid Pasha, most Rabelaisian of Turks, and a man as easily managed as his lord, was outlining the famous Tanzimat or Khatt-i-Sherif of Guikhánah, the new Magna Charta of the old blood-and-iron empire. Among these altered materials Canning began his work with the temporary downfall of Riza Pasha, Saraskier or commander-in-chief, who kept up, however, his hostility to the last. He succeeded with the assistance of the ambassadors—"I and my colleagues" was the style now generally adopted—in abolishing executions for apostasy. The memoirs (ii. 195) offer an imperfect sketch of the scene with Grand Vizier Rifat Pasha, where the tyrannical ambassador "thrust the note full in his face," as recorded by Layard (ii. 459); his undignified violence, perilously approaching a *voie de fait*, being evidently calculated. This redoubtable negotiation led to other measures equally wise and beneficial, by removing minister after minister, and by establishing a *modus vivendi* between the Porte and Hellas, Syria and Persia. The active and intelligent part taken by Canning in the labours of Layard and Newton do him infinite honour. Yet the fourth mission

ended in disconsolate mood; and, after five years of hard labour at the desk, Canning returned to England with a sense of failure.

The famous year of revolutions (1848), when sceptre and crown came tumbling down, was spent by Canning in sundry diplomatic trips to Switzerland, to the German courts, and to Greece, where a notable lack of tact brought him into unpleasant collision with his old friends, Gen. Church and Sir Edmund Lyons. The twelvemonth ended with a fifth and last residence at Stambul; and here the ambassador found himself in acute antagonism with a Russia becoming daily more dictatorial. The Turks marched into Bucharest, and the "personal duel" had opened with the refused extradition of the Hungarian refugees, MM. Kossuth & Co.

The second half of vol. ii. is occupied with the Crimean campaign, beginning at the eleven diplomatic notes (see ii. 278), which, intended to avert it, made war inevitable. I will not enter upon this now banal subject, having already recorded my impressions in a few pages which the *Athenaeum* justly termed "an ill-natured chapter." Unfortunately truth cannot always be writ with rose-water. Suffice it to say that the two old enemies, now more irascible and rancorous than before, stood face to face, each upholding his own nostrum, and each pooh-poohing the recipe of his rival. Czar Nicholas determined to protect with a strong hand his fellow-religionists, the Greeks—numbering some twelve millions—from Turkish tyranny and violence; and what this evil was we may learn from Canning's letter to Layard (ii. 213), noting "massacres, pillages, and revolting outrages at the expense of the Christian population in Syria and Bulgaria." At that early stage I was travelling in Arabia and resting at Cairo, where every European who knew the condition of affairs, and who could afford to speak out, loudly praised the Russian's determination, as I have recorded in my *Pilgrimage*. Such absolute interference with the rights of a civilised power over its lieges would be a mere outrage. But Turkey was not, is not, and never will be civilised as long as Turks rule; and the massacre of Christians at Damascus (July 1860), an epoch-making event for the Moslem East, was an ample justification of Russia's contention. And the present *rapprochement* between the Turk and the Muscovite, and the instinctive feeling of the former that he can be safe only in the arms of the Czar, form a terrible comment upon the blunders of diplomacy. Of these the worst must be attributed to Canning, who, true to his principle of not allowing English prestige to be outshone, was determined that a thorough reform and an impossible change of Turkish institutions would render the Muscovite protectorate unnecessary and unadvisable. And he so worked upon English ignorance of the "Eastern Question" as to arouse at home a violent popular outbreak of moral sentiment and pugnacious sympathy, in whose presence common-sense must shrug her shoulders and hold her tongue. I often heard with shame English officers declaring—"If there ever was a righteous war it is this!"

Thus England rushed into the danger with *cœur léger*, and war was declared in March, 1854. The biographer's account of that most

unhappy campaign is given with commendable candour and conciseness. But when he informs us that Prince Menschikov was "sent in confusion to Odessa" (ii. 275), he forgets to notice that the Governor-General of Finland's suite left Pera openly insulting the English embassy in the streets, and that the insult was allowed to pass. He has committed to Mr. Kinglake an appreciation of the French emperor's object in forcing on the allied movement, and our mad folly in voluntarily assuming the rôle of "second fiddle," with a force one-fourth of our rivals and unfriends, together with the feebleness of the home authorities, the inadequacy of the transport and commissariat, and the criminal frauds of the contractors. And here we must chiefly blame the craze for economy, a Liberal fad, and the Pinching Process which, first preached by the "inspired bagman," Cobden, is still pregnant with evil for the future of England. But the biographer is justly severe on the treason of France, or rather of Louis Napoleon, whose proposal to invade England when a prisoner in the German camp shows the little wisdom where-with he was treated and trusted by Lord Palmerston.

The surrender of Kars (ii. 416) is narrated with scant regard for Col. Williams, who is made to complain unnecessarily of the ambassador's "total neglect." And, after reading attentively chap. xxxi., I cannot for the life of me comprehend the meaning of Mr. Lane-Poole's communication to the *Athenaeum* of August 25, 1888. I had asserted that the late General Beatson, then commanding Bâsh Bazuks, despatched me to volunteer for the relief of Kars; and this simple statement was characterised as "a strange inversion of facts." Stationed in country quarters, the Dardanelles, no hint of the Saraskier's project reached our ears, nor was Lord Panmure's "frustration" of the proposed advance ever known to us. The "Elchi" was too diplomatic to set me right at the time, and his outbreak of rage suggested to me that he was personally averse to the scheme. The ambassador's impatience of contradiction was made evident to me at once. During my second visit to the "Palace" he boasted of having distinctly disproved all rights of the Porte to *ingérence* in Abyssinia; upon which I ventured to observe that probably the Turks had used the term "Habash," which has a wider signification, including, for instance, Moslem Harar. But he would have none of it. And the biographer also has proved himself too diplomatic to discuss a rumour universally prevalent at the time, namely, that Kars was suffered to fall as a make-weight for the southern side of Sebastopol.

Again, Mr. Lane-Poole is hardly fair to the "official family," secretaries and attachés, who almost all rose to some eminence. These "young gentlemen" did not "stand in considerable awe of the terrible Elchi," they simply shunned him as Washington's officers slunk away at the first opportunity from their ungenial chief. It is not pleasant to be turned out of the room like a naughty child, or to be considered an "uncouth cub"; the frequent use of the term "Ass" (i. 135) is apt to pall; nor does "damn your eyes" make official communication a treat. By the way, the expression attributed to Mr. (Sir

J. D.) Hay, "Damn your Excellency's eyes" (ii. 115), was afterwards assigned, with more reason, to Mr. Secretary Alison. And Lord Stratford was a hard and uncompromising schoolmaster, who never spared himself or the weaker vessels around him. He took no small pride in the tale of consecutive hours at the writing-desk, and he cared little to humour those who were not endowed with a similar development of the *Sitzfleiss*. But amid Sir Hector Stubble's "official family" we should have expected some notice of the Roving Englishman whose reminiscences are now being published. And there is not a word concerning the angry controversy between the ambassador and the Hon. Charles Murray, then Consul-General for Egypt. Canning was misled by his harsh and short-sighted estimation of the great Mohammed Ali, "an able and unscrupulous usurper" (i. 397), and determined to inflict Turkish dry-rot upon Nile-land, then advancing with giant strides in wealth and influence. Sir Charles Murray, who still lives in honoured retirement at Cannes, openly resisted his chief; and, despite all endeavours, won the day.

The Crimean affair soon stank in the public nostrils. Begun with unpardonable levity, and carried on as a "soldier's campaign" under incapable commanders—our worst enemies—it became a national nuisance. And farseeing men already foretold that out ignominious failure in diplomacy would cause the conquest of the Caucasus, would turn the Muscovite from south to south-eastwards, would drive him to absorb Turcomania, and would suggest to him the measures rendering India valueless to England. So the Many-headed One (as is its wont) called loudly for a victim, the *bouc émissaire* being Lord Stratford, the prime cause and motive power of the untoward event. He was no longer possible at Constantinople. He could not save the Turks from themselves. He found a final resignation advisable in early 1858; and he received only a compassionate permission to take leave of his imperial pupil, and to farewell his "colony" at Pera, where his stout-hearted advocacy of English claims and his open-handed hospitality to strangers and visitors had secured him a host of partisans. He was received with popular demonstrations of more than usual warmth, and bade a Stoic's adieu to the scene of his long labours with something of the pomp and circumstance which his soul loved.

The "Epilogue" (ii. 454) sketches with simplicity and earnestness the calm and restful evening of an eventful and tempestuous day. We see the "Nestor of foreign politics" fading by slow degrees out of London life and society, and leading a hermit-like existence at Frant Court, where he died full of years and honours *aet.* 94, 1880. The chapter is exceedingly well written, full of pathos and power. Avoiding the *lues Boswelliana*, which peeps out on former occasions, it will conciliate not a few of Canning's many unfriends, who remember him only in his over-masterful phase. And the Life concludes with the Laureate's well-worn lines, beginning with "Thou third great Canning," and ending with the model cacophony

"Who wert the voice of England in the East."

RICHARD F. BURTON.

The Twilight of the Gods, and other Tales.

By Richard Garnett. (Fisher Unwin.)

REFINED satire has ever been the delight of the cultivated; and if the art somewhat languish in these degenerate days the more emphatic should be the welcome to any novel and excellent exemplification. There never is, there perhaps never can be, a really wide circle of readers for distinctively literary satire—the satire of the scholar, the ethical student, the man of letters; for enjoyment of it implies, of necessity, an attitude of mental superiority towards many of the most generally accepted beliefs, stereotyped traditions, and hereditary opinions. No one readily, or willingly, sees the more or less ludicrous incongruities that haunt the more sterile of human convictions, if to him those convictions are the literal and irrefutable indices of truth; only those can smile to whom the convictions are as dreams that have been dreamt. But if this inevitably narrows a satirist's public, it recompenses him by alluring that "select few" who are the adherents most desired by the true artist.

In his new book Mr. Garnett proves himself to be an artist in literary satire. He has exceeding culture, a wide range of sympathy, the rare faculty of serene irony, and a style at once delicate and vigorous, concise and yet vividly illustrative. There is not one of the tales in this volume which does not afford ample warranty of his qualifications; and if here and there an inferior, almost a banal, touch or episode occur, the critical reader must blame the vitiated taste of the day as much as the author. It is perhaps a fault that the themes are occasionally so remote from ordinary "cultivated" knowledge that the writer's erudite play of fancy should lose somewhat; but, after all, it is the treatment and not the subject itself which is of real value and interest. Not that the majority of Mr. Garnett's charming stories deserve to be banned with the reproach of undue remoteness of theme; and even the philosophical experimentalists, Plotinus and the Imperial Gallienus, or the poetically minded but too Christian Nonnus, may be familiar enough to most readers.

The tales are sixteen in number, and embrace as diverse periods and as many religions as any visionary Esoteric Buddhist could compass in a Kensingtonian trance. The first, and on the whole the most charming, is that which gives its title to the book. The fanciful episode of which it treats is the promulgation, in the fourth century, of the religion of the Prophet of Nazareth throughout all the Hellenic realm—and the consequent dethronement, dispersal, and hopeless confusion of the gods of old. The story opens finely with the fall of an eagle among the peaks of Caucasus, and the enfranchisement from his long captivity of Zeus' inveterate foe. Freed from his rock and his burden of immortality, Prometheus again treads the common ways of earth. He meets a lovely maiden, the last priestess of Apollo, fleeing from a mob of Christian iconoclasts, and astonishes her by his perfect knowledge of classic Greek and his amazing ignorance of the very names of Homer and Plato. It is a case of love at first sight. Prometheus loves Elenko, and gladly takes on the new malison—or rather

benison—of mortality; and for his sake Elenko tells some very excusable white lies when she and he are surrounded by the Christians, even going the length of crossing herself. The bishop who leads the crowd discovers Prometheus to be an early martyr miraculously sustained by "the punctual fowl" which lies at his feet. The narrative is skilfully and amusingly evolved, with episodes such as that of the visit to the "Martyr" of Pandora, who amazes Prometheus with her recital of the dreadful straits to which the deities have been reduced: how Zeus has had to put down his eagle, how Hera has eaten her peacocks, Apollo ceased singing, and Bacchus turned teetotaller. After divers vicissitudes Prometheus and Elenko escape from the Christians, and (by aid of the abandoned sandals of Hermes) find their way to Elysium.

"All was silent in those immense courts, vacant of everything save here and there some rusty thunderbolt or mouldering crumb of ambrosia. Above, around, below, beyond sight, beyond thought, stretched the still deeps of aether, blazing with innumerable worlds. Eye could rove nowhither without beholding a star, nor could star be beheld from which the God's hall, with all its vastness, would not have been utterly invisible. Elenko leaned over and watched the racing meteors. Prometheus stood by her and pointed out in the immeasurable distance the little speck of shining dust from which they had flown.

"There? or here?" he asked.

"There!" said Elenko."

And so ends the story of the mortal Prometheus.

Of the remaining tales some half-dozen are oriental in theme; but it would be difficult to select the finest—whether "Abdallah the Adite," or "Ananda the Miracle-Worker," or the gruesome "Purple Head." For the slighter and more broadly humourous sketches, "The Demon Pope" and "Madam Lucifer," the present writer does not greatly care. On the other hand, no imaginative reader could peruse without keen interest such tales as "The Dumb Oracle" or "The Elixir of Life," with its uncanny after-suggestion. Among the most charming fancies are "The Cup Bearer" and "The Poison Maid"; while satire of almost Rabelaisian vigour animates "Bishop Addo and Bishop Gaddo" and "The Bell of St. Euschemon."

Altogether, the volume is one which no lover of contemporary literature can afford to overlook.

WILLIAM SHARP.

Berwick-upon-Tweed: the History of the Town and Guild. By John Scott. (Elliot Stock.)

Mr. Scott has performed a valuable public service in issuing a carefully written history of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and of the important trading-guild which was established in that town in very early times. The statutes of these guilds are noteworthy as having afterwards become the model for settling the rights and privileges of the mercantile towns of Scotland. The author appears to have consulted all the state-papers and records which have any direct bearing upon his subject, and to have been assisted in matters of local detail by the labours of several zealous antiquaries among his fellow-townsmen, as

well as by the information to be obtained from a more than usually valuable set of municipal archives.

The first authentic notices of the town occur in the chronicles which describe the gift by Edgar in the year 1097 of "the noble village of Berwick with its appurtenances" to the patrimony of St. Cuthbert at Durham. The gift is said to have been shortly afterwards revoked in consequence of the violent conduct of Ralph le Flambard, then Bishop of Durham, towards one of the king's favourite captains. During the reign of David I., in the early part of the following century, when St. Andrews was being founded as a trading-town, we learn that the king transferred to the new burgh the services of Mainard the Fleming to serve as its provost, he being a burgess of Berwick, "where he had learned the burgh usages and the duties of his office." Berwick was selected not very long afterwards as one of the four royal burghs of Scotland. Mr. Scott traces its increase from the ancient times when it started as a small fishing-village on the Tweed—a place of special interest even from the first on account of its fishery—till it grew into a port large enough to harbour the war-ships of the Scottish king, and at last was taken in a very special manner under the royal protection. It must be remembered that the position of the town on the highway between the two kingdoms rendered the command of its bridge and ford a matter of jealousy and constant rivalry. In William the Lion's reign the English burned Berwick and ravaged the surrounding districts, and after the Battle of the Standard the castle was regularly garrisoned by English soldiers. Soon afterwards Richard I., with his usual carelessness, sold the homage of Scotland and the castles of Berwick and Edinburgh; and the transaction was veiled under the appearance of a restoration to the King of Scotland of what was already his own by hereditary right. During the rest of Richard's reign there was peace between the two countries, "and Berwick, as usual, drops out of sight in the world's history"; but in the next reign the town had to suffer again, this time from barbarities inflicted under the supervision of King John in person. From the death of that tyrant to the outbreak of war under Edward I. the kingdoms were at peace, and trade expanded to an extraordinary degree. Berwick, in particular, had more ships and a wider foreign commerce than any other port in Scotland. The town, indeed, according to the Chronicle of Lanercost, might almost have been called a second Alexandria, "whose riches was the sea, and the water its walls." The merchant-princes of the town not only lived in great state, but were also munificent patrons of the church, so that, as we are told, "there was scarcely an abbey in Scotland that had not property there." The following passage gives an interesting account of the greatness of the border-port in the days of its transient prosperity:

"Towards the close of Alexander III.'s reign . . . the king had run, to the extent of £2,000, in debt to a Gascon merchant for wine—a very heavy wine-bill, if we take into consideration the value of money in those days,

John Mason, the merchant, was quite content with the assignation of the customs of Berwick as a guarantee of payment. Again, the dowry of the widow of Prince Alexander, son of the king, was settled at 1500 marks, 1300 of which were to be paid out of the same customs. At the very close of the reign, in 1286, Berwick had touched its highest point of prosperity, for it was actually paying for customs into the Scotch Exchequer £2190 annually. This sum was equal to about one-fourth of the whole customs of England. The export trade, from which these customs were derived, consisted principally of wool, woolfells, and hides. These goods were collected from the whole basin of the Tweed. In that basin, at that period, flourished the great monasteries of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, and Kelso, and attached to each were vast flocks of sheep and cattle. From all these abbey-grounds wools and skins were sent to this port in large quantities. Northumberland sent its quota as well. In the town of Berwick was a colony of Flemings, assisting to carry on and foster this trade. Their place of business was the Red Hall, situated, according to tradition, in the street now called (not at all inappropriately) Woolmarket. These Flemings, along with the native merchants, exported their goods to Flanders—to the staple at Bruges."

From the time of its first foundation the town has owed much of its prosperity to the celebrated salmon fisheries of the Tweed. The fishings on the north side of the river originally belonged to the King of Scotland, and those along the south bank formed part of the Palatinate of Durham, and were known as the Bishop's Fishings. At the commencement of the fourteenth century a great number of the fisheries, which were even then much subdivided, had passed into the possession of Kelso Abbey and various other monasteries, and an inquisition taken in 1315 shows that the inheritance in many of the "nets" and "half-nets" had become vested in small tenants holding at perpetual rents. In course of time the various titles became consolidated. The Bishop's Fishings, having been given up to the Crown on the accession of James I., were granted to Sir George Home, who also acquired the greater part of the fisheries which had anciently formed part of the inheritance of the Scottish kings. From him the whole property passed to the Earl of Suffolk, who about 1635 sold it to certain merchants in Berwick. These merchants appear to have bought up all, or almost all, of the small shares or separate interests in the pools and waters which were vested in small proprietors; but the process of subdivision appears to have very soon commenced again, and a tabular statement printed by Mr. Scott shows that in the last generation the twenty-six fishings were held in fractions under more than forty separate titles. Mr. Scott remarks with truth that to deal properly with the history of the fisheries would require a large volume by itself. He has, however, given us a very clear outline of a complicated subject, and has shown, at any rate, how difficult it would be to get rid of the private Acts of Parliament by which the property is now regulated, or to provide that it shall be administered in accordance with the general rules applying to salmon fisheries in public rivers.

Berwick did not become, in any real sense, an English acquisition until the victory at Halidon Hill, which Edward III. gained,

to use his own words, "over the pompous Scots who in no small number invaded us." The history of the garrison down to the days of the union of the kingdoms has ceased to have any particular interest, but it is still worth noticing the trouble which the conquest of Berwick gave for centuries to its English masters. Mr. Burton pointed out in his History of Scotland that though Berwick, in one sense, held rank only as a respectable market town, yet "owing to its eventful career" it was burdened with an official staff as dignified as that of an independent kingdom. The English government, in fact, insisted on retaining the whole of the apparatus which had been intended for the government of Scotland if it were conquered. "It was huddled together within Berwick as a centre," and was in readiness to expand over such districts as might from time to time be acquired. As the hope of such expansion died away the duties of this staff were confined to the town and its adjacent liberties; but Berwick was still honoured by the existence of a chancellor and chamberlain and other officers of state, "while the district had its own Domesday Book and other records adapted to a sovereignty on the model of the kingdom of England."

CHARLES ELTON.

Australian Poets, 1788-1888; being a Selection of Poems upon all Subjects written in Australia and New Zealand during the First Century of the British Colonization. With Brief Notes on their Authors, and an Introduction by Patchett Martin. Edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

THIS new collection of poems, edited by Mr. Sladen—to which Mr. Patchett Martin out of the fulness of his knowledge has added a most interesting, though somewhat discursive, note "on the Australian poets themselves, apart from their mere verse writing"—is, on the whole, successful. To grant thus much is not necessarily to imply the editor's entire success in bringing together a body of poetical work owing whatever strength it possesses to its own inherent qualities, apart from any local colour. On the contrary, one would rather be inclined to assert that Australian poetry derives its strength and value mainly from the fact that it is not only Australian in the sense of its having been written in Australia, but because it describes—often so well—the peculiar features of life in that continent. Were we to apply this test to Harpur's work, for example, and eliminate all poems containing local colour, though something of value would doubtless be left, how much should we lose! And the same remark might be made with even greater force about Domett, would be equally true about Kendall and Lindsay Gordon (despite that in his case we should still have "How we beat the Favourite"), and would even be applicable to those Australian poets of repute—Mr. Brunton Stephens, Mr. Garnet Walch, and Mr. Patchett Martin—who are yet with us. Hence, as far as I can judge, Mr. Sladen has not completely made good his remark in the prefatory address "To the Reader," which opens this latter anthology (where he is absolutely unfettered as to theme in the choice

of poems)—the remark that in compiling *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*, and its expansion, *A Century of Australian Song*, he was—because of his restriction "to poems inspired by life in Australia and New Zealand"—"forced to exclude many of the finest poems colonists have written." Nevertheless, I deem it fortunate that the contents of this volume have been brought together, if only to show how almost every form of metrical composition has been essayed by Australians; sometimes with what success, let beautiful poems on miscellaneous subjects like "In the Uplands," and "Life and Death" (by such comparatively unknown poets—at least in England—as the writer whose pseudonym is Alpha Crucis and Mr. Victor J. Daley) attest—poems dealing boldly and well with a high range of philosophic thought.

Passing from these general observations, and looking more into detail, we find that the selections in this volume from the better-known poets are especially happy, except those from Lindsay Gordon, for which, however, the publishers of his poems are alone responsible. Domett, for instance, is well represented. Every fresh perusal of his work only serves to show beauties not previously observed; and one does not wonder that Mr. Browning thought his "Ranolf and Amohia" "a great and astonishing performance, of very varied beauty and power," or that Lord Tennyson wrote of it as possessing "intellectual subtlety, great power of delineating delicious scenery, and imaginative fire." In truth, it is by far the finest long poem yet written in Australasia. Did space allow, I should have felt disposed to quote his "Haunted Mountain" given here, nor is it possible to pass by unnoticed his "Lillie Raymond," as chaste as it is sensuous, and showing a magnificence of epithet not often excelled in English poetry. Widely different, yet equally instinct with poetic feeling, is his "Christmas Hymn," admired by Longfellow.

One of the best humorous poems in this collection is Mr. Brunton Stephens's "Quart Pot Creek"—a poem familiar in Australia, but not yet so well known in England as it deserves. In the metre of Poe's "Raven," its whimsical fun is largely obtained not only by a sense of contrast, but by our having an increased perception of how nearly Poe's masterpiece approaches bathos. Was it part of Mr. Brunton Stephens's design to make this clear? "Quart Pot Creek" narrates how a poet during his evening walk found his "sensitive physique" "thrilled" by the beauty of the setting sun on a river with whose name he was unacquainted.

"Stream," said I, "I'll celebrate thee!
Rhymes and rhythms galore await thee!
In the weekly "Poet's Corner" I'll a niche for
thee bespeak:
But to aid my lucubration thou must tell thine
appellation,
Tell thy Naiad-designation—for the journal of
next week—
Give thy sweet Pactolian title to my poem of
next week,
Whisper, whisper it—in Greek!"

But to all the poet's apostrophes the river returns no answer, until in despair he is fain to invoke the assistance of a returning digger: "Neighbour mine," said I, "and miner"—here I showed a silver shiner—"For a moment, and for sixpence, take thy pipe from out thy cheek.

This the guerdon of thy fame is; very cheap,
indeed, the same is;
Tell me only what the name is ('tis the stream
whereof I speak)
Name the Naiad—name Pactolian! Digger, I
adjure thee, speak!"
Quoth the digger, "Quart Pot Creek."

Aghast at such a name, the poet cannot write
his ode.

"But the river, never minding, still is winding,
still is winding,
By the gardens where the Mongol tends the
cabbage and the leek."

Mr. Garnet Walch's "Sans Souci" will appeal to many a British householder, and is interesting as showing that even residence in the serene climates of the fragrant South does not always procure exemption from one of the greatest domestic tribulations—a house seemingly a paradise till one comes to live in it.

"By the time that our note-paper came with the
Sans Souci stamp,
We had subtle suggestions of drains and faint
frescoes of damp,
Not improved by a shower or two, for the weather
was juicy,
And the rain had a way of its own through the
roof at Sans Souci.
* * * * *

While larrikin spiders aloft, like youths tram-
melled in sin,
Exhausted their vital resources to keep on the
spin."

Matters do not mend—alas, in such circumstances they rarely do!—until the climax is reached by the cook in a fit of ague falling into the soup, whereupon a removal is decided on. Those foolish people, if there still be such, who think that nothing but a fine climate and a new country is necessary to procure fortune for the intended colonist, utterly irrespective of any natural aptitude for colonization on his part, would do well to read the same writer's "A Drug in the Market," and to note that

"Education and English polish are very unsaleable
stuff—

The men that are wanted in Melbourne must be
sent out here in the rough."

Other poems there are in this collection whose qualities are melody and tenderness rather than humour. One of these is Miss Nellie S. Clerk's "I Slept," of which we must be content to quote the first stanza :

"I slept in the great gum forest,
By one of its mountain streams,
Where tenderest touches and sounds
Mingled themselves with dreams.
The stream, round a boulder's breast,
Rippled, as ripples the sea,
And over it swaying fern-fronds
Wafted me, darling, to thee—
So swiftly, my darling, to thee."

Mr. Patchett Martin himself contributes a fine poem called "An Agnostic's Answer," pregnant with thought, while Mr. Brunton Stephens's serious mood is well represented by "The Boy Crusader," "The Angel of the Doves," and "The Dominion of Australia"—one of the finest poems yet written in that continent. Among the many poetesses whose songs enrich this volume I would especially name Mrs. Bode, whose "Lubra," in the metre of "Evangeline," brings before us a mournful aspect of the great race problem; Mrs. E. F. Anderson, whose "Song of a Life," though of limited range, is genuinely pathetic; and Mrs. Patchett Martin, whose

rendering of one of Alfred de Musset's lyrics in the metre of the original is graceful and instinct with a sense of poetic technique. Mr. Thomas Bracken's "Old Bendigo" is a stirring ballad of early colonial days. There can be small question that, within his range, Mr. Bracken is a poet; for his verse is evidently the outcome of genuine impulse, and is not merely, as in so many other cases, simply a favourite pastime. His dainty "Good Night to Baby" and sadly too true "Not Understood" are both poems to be remembered. Mr. Allan Sherard is represented by "Angélique" and "Her Knight"—two poems rich in appropriate feeling; Charles Whitehead has a place in virtue of "The Spanish Marriage," published at Melbourne; nor must I forget to mention Miss Jennings Carmichael, whose "Tomboy Madge" pathetically tells how a girl becomes a cripple for life. Mr. Liddell Kelly's "Tarawera" is interesting as descriptive of the great eruption of 1886 in New Zealand. It has a further value in its delineation of Tuhotu—a type of Maori half touched with Christianity, half clinging to his old superstition. The "Pictor Ignotus" of Miss Margaret Thomas, whose bust of Fielding adorns the Shire Hall at Taunton, is one of the finest poems in this collection. In delicately wrought blank verse, it is full of imaginative thought and pathos. I would also name Miss Agnes Neale, whose poems are full of sweetness, beauty, and a well-expressed appreciation of nature. Mr. Gerard H. Supple's "Dream of Dampier; an Australian Foreshadowing—A.D. 1686," so excellently describes natural scenery that I quote the opening lines,

"Dampier the buccaneer! His swift ship sailed
the Eastern seas—
Where night seems spectral noon, and tropic
moon and Pleiades
Like lamps of silver showed with ghostly charm
each island shore
What time bay-broken Celebes
Arose to him in shadows dim beneath the vesper
star—
Where Java's peaks in forest soar,
At daybreak seen afar—
When the land breeze odorous blows at eve from
Ternate's groves of balm—
Where the graceful cocoa crowns the towering
cliffs of wild Ceram,
And New Guinea's purple mountains fringe the
noontide's golden calm—
Thro' myriad groups where ocean in an endless
sylvan maze
Winds loitering in a thousand straits, a thou-
sand clasping bays,
And every change with lovelier scene the gazer's
eye beguiles—
Of cape and coast, a fairy realm!—a rainbow
arch of isles!—
In whose glades the rosy hours 'mid the wood's
green twilight peep
Islets each an Aphrodite risen bright-haired
from the deep!
So pure of earth and air the sheen—
So azure clear the waves between,
That the dark boatman from his prow sees
fathoms down below
The fishes palely-sparkling glide, the coral redly
glow;
While birds o'erhead of plumage in all hues of
radiance spun
Dart from the trees like gorgeous clouds betwixt
him and the sun!"

It would be useless to deny that there are some weak poems in this collection, and also poems which, without being altogether weak, are faulty in conception or construction, or contain blemishes arising from other causes.

Perhaps the editor felt this, for he says about his method of selection:

"In brief, it was not a question of settling which were a poet's masterpieces (as it would be, e.g., if one were selecting from Shelley), but of introducing him—not of culling the choicest flowers from a garden, but gathering such fine specimens as one could of a new wild flower one had come across in the forest."

The truth probably is that Australian poetry has reached as high a point of excellence as is to be expected from it as yet, bearing in mind many circumstances seriously militating against its very existence. At any rate, it is something to have been able to bring together so large a volume as this of 612 closely printed pages, while including so little which is absolutely worthless. The great poet whom Harpur longed for, with a mind full of the poetic lore of the old world, and with originality and magnificence of imagination strong enough to embody and vitalise its new conditions of life, has not yet arisen in Australia, and it is idle to speculate as to the date of his advent. In the meantime it is significant and hopeful that nearly everything Australia has given us of poetic worth is full of individuality, for the individual note must always be present in poetry of the first order, whatever be its other qualities. Let us be grateful, also, that there are poets living who can write sonnets like this by Mr. Victor J. Daley.

"What know we of the dead who say these things,
Or of the life in Death below the mould?
What of the mystic laws that rule the old
Grey realms beyond our poor imaginings,
Where death is life? The bird with spray-wet
wings
Knows more of what the deeps beneath him
hold.
Let be: warm hearts shall never wax a-cold,
But burn in roses through eternal springs;
For all the banished fruit and flower of time
Are flower and fruit in worlds we cannot see,
And all we see is but a shadow-mime
Of things unseen and time that comes to flee,
Is as the broken echo of a rhyme
In God's great epic of Eternity."

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

NEW NOVELS.

Through the Long Night. By E. Lynn Linton. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Crown of Shame. By Florence Marryat. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Power of the Hand. By F. E. M. Notley. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Lady Bluebeard. By the Author of "Zit and Xoe." In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

Ghost's Gloom. By J. G. Holmes. (Sonnen-schein.)

Through the Goal of Ill. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

The Root of all Evil. By Alec Fearon. (Sonnen-schein.)

One False Step. By Andrew Stewart. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Mrs. LYNN LINTON's brilliant and incisive style is very conspicuous in *Through the Long Night*. The burden of the story is extremely painful; but the author's wit, philosophical

power, and grasp of character, make the work not only striking but readable. The plot is not of an elaborate nature; but those who know the author's writings will scarcely need to be told that it is not constructed upon ordinary lines, or that it aims at something more than providing amusement for an idle hour. Mrs. Lynn Linton has never been so successful before in individualisation. Among her characters are the Earl of Kingshouse, a nobleman of the old school; Lady Elizabeth, his daughter, who lives out in her daily life the Sermon on the Mount; Miles Stagg, the rich miner and parvenu, who got drunk oftener than he should have done but not so often as might have been expected, and who was as free with his fists as he was open with his hand; Lord Eustace, who considered playing at democracy "the worst form and the vilest rot afloat," while it was "rank atheism to pretend that we had no distinction of classes"; Anthony Harford, the Anglo-American (perhaps the strongest character in the book), who would give the old country fifty years, and then she would be on her knees to the States begging to be incorporated into the Union; Mrs. Clanricarde, the heartless mother who sells her daughter, and grudges the mourning she has to buy when she hears of her death; and Molly Dance, Sunday-school teacher at a Methodist chapel, who assisted her mother to personate a dead woman, in order to draw her income so as to produce a sufficient annuity for her daughter's lifetime. Such are some of the leading actors in this drama of life. The novel turns upon the marriage question. It is partly a record of maimed and wasted lives; and we are more than once tempted to exclaim, O, the pity of it! But, though a spirit of pessimism clouds many of the pages, there is some brightness at last for those who have the root of goodness and manliness in them. From the literary point of view, there is only one objection we have to make. As novelists do not appeal to the few, but to the many—and to this rule, presumably, Mrs. Lynn Linton is no exception—it seems a mistake to crowd her pages with such phrases and allusions as *auri sacra fames*, *pot-au-feu*, Cymon and Iphigenia, *mot d'énergie*, *res angusta*, *avec connaissance de cause*, *autochtones*, &c., &c. Nor can the ordinary reader be expected to be familiar enough with Voltaire's romances to understand the references to the unsophisticated child of nature, Harford, as "the handsome Huron."

How is it that, with so much talent, Miss Florence Marryat will choose such unpleasant subjects? It would require all the genius of a Nathaniel Hawthorne, which Miss Marryat would be the last to affirm she possesses, to treat acceptably, and with sufficient delicacy, such a subject as that which forms the basis of *A Crown of Shame*. Early in the first volume occurs the secret *accouchement* of Maraquita Courtney, daughter of the richest planter in San Diego. Maraquita has neglected that indispensable necessity of civilised life—a precedent marriage. But this is not all. When the child is born she manifests an utterly callous and brutal neglect of her offspring; such conduct, in short, as we are unwilling even to associate with the idea of motherhood. To make matters still worse, the only character in the book worth a thought,

Lizzie Fellows, daughter of the doctor to the plantation, is compelled for a long period to lie under the shameful imputation of having given birth to the child, which she has lovingly tended from its cradle. The gay and handsome deceiver, Henry de Courcelles, is a regular Don Juan, and tries in vain to manage three amours at the same time. He richly deserves to come to grief, and does so in the end; but the most important of his victims, Maraquita, pursues for a season a brilliant career. She even marries the governor, Sir Russell Johnstone, and reigns in great style, though very briefly, at Government House. De Courcelles, driven desperate by losing his hold upon Maraquita, incites the natives to rise, and the novel winds up in a most bloodthirsty fashion. The work is distinctly unworthy of Miss Marryat, who is capable of much better things, alike from the literary as from the ethical point of view.

Weird Cornish traditions form the staple of *The Power of the Hand*. An enemy of the house of Carbonelli appears every generation, and picks off a male scion of the family. He has done this ever since the time of the Crusades; but at last the power of his hand is broken by an auspicious marriage on the part of Harold Olver with the last female representative of the Carbonellis. After a course of Dumas and other writers, the reader will know not to place too much faith in mesmeric and hypnotic influences; but, apart from these things, the story itself is most entertaining. There are many passages of thrilling interest descriptive of the old press-gang times, and others of strong human and pathetic feeling concerning lovers and their fortunes before life's horoscope exhibits for them a bright and brilliant future. So far as grasp of incident and character are concerned, the author has made a decided advance since writing *Olive Varcoe*.

The anonymous author of *Lady Bluebeard* has a very strong satirical faculty, and no small amount of culture. Her story, if not attractive to the average novel reader, will interest all who care more for brilliancy of style than for plot. The incidents are of the simplest, and the characters few. An old Sheikh, a British captain, Mr. Hector Hicks, a Mr. Wylie, and Mrs. Fonblanque—these almost exhaust the human element. The title is a misnomer, and calculated to lead the reader astray. But, after all, the real value of the book lies in its clever and unconventional comments upon men and things. Pleading for her sex as against the tyrant man, Mrs. Fonblanque says: "It is very easy to say this is right and that is wrong, if one has a muscular arm and a stout bludgeon in one's hand." She agrees with Heine that men owe their triumphs to women's tears. The Sheikh's views of London are original, but sometimes only too true, as when he found that "for every fine lady there was some poor starving flower-girl shivering in the mud." The Eastern potentate is scandalised at the way in which Englishmen allow their wives to come so much before the public.

"The first thing a man does with his wife in England is to take her about and show her off. If she passes muster fairly well, she is given the title of 'a professional beauty,' and her

husband is at once promoted to some high official appointment."

As for the clergy, they always wear black coats and white ties. "They are everywhere accepted as good men on account of their costume, but it always covers a multitude of children." It is impossible to feel *ennui* in reading this sketch. Full of intellectual sweetmeats, it will be sufficient to interest the most hypochondriacal of mortals. Even such a one will not be able to avoid a hearty laugh at the human foibles of various kinds which are here exposed.

The spirits are not very formidable in *Ghosts' Gloom*; and Mr. Holmes does not get over the crudity of style apparent in his previous story. With his present subject, Mr. Wilkie Collins—to whom the work is dedicated—might have done much. But, allowing for all deficiencies, that is no reason why the author should frequently use such phrases as "How is Roland and Madge?"

Taking as his motto certain well known lines of Tennyson, the author of *Through the Goal of Ill* deals in a somewhat spasmodic and bewildering way with the chief incidents in the lives of a considerable number of individuals of both sexes. There is a good deal of the religious element intermingled, and the spirit is frequently at war against the flesh. There are also strivings on the part of overburdened sinners who are wrestling for an apprehension of the true faith. The book is not striking enough in any way to do any harm.

If a novelist like Mr. Blackmore had had the handling of the story unfolded in *The Root of all Evil*, he would have constructed from it a powerful work. Even in Mr. Fearon's hands it is very interesting, although it is not made the most of. The basis of the sketch is a farmhouse tragedy that really occurred some thirty years ago; and the power which the love of money may obtain over a man is vividly illustrated. Sad and tragic elements are interwoven with the thread of this delineation of rural life and character.

The villain in *One False Step* brings a deal of trouble upon innocent people; but we are glad to see that Mr. Stewart does not allow him to escape. In one of the early chapters, after a particularly dirty action, he is kicked out of an office, "his exit being considerably expedited by the toe of Mr. Bates's thick, substantial boot, which collided with the vanishing villain on the threshold"; and in one of the later chapters, finding that his crimes are enmeshing him, he puts a pistol to his head and blows his worthless brains out. Poetic justice, in both instances, finds its own.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

GIFT-BOOKS.

The Cat of Bubastis: a Tale of Ancient Egypt. By G. A. Henty. With illustrations by J. R. Weguelin. (Blackie.) It seems that the ACADEMY once said that "among writers of stories of adventure for boys Mr. Henty stands in the very first rank." With a wider experience both of Mr. Henty and of his rivals, we are disposed to qualify this dictum to some extent. Mr. Henty's peculiar merit is to be

able to invest a straightforward story with just enough of historical colour to make the whole realisable, without being strictly realistic. For example, it is difficult to suppose that this tale of ancient Egypt would commend itself to hieroglyphic students, though probably nearly all its incidents are based upon some authority. Provided that the general atmosphere be true, the adult reviewer has no reason to adopt a more critical standard than that of Mr. Henty's chosen audience, who—if they will not follow him breathlessly—will at least find their interest sustained from the first to the last chapter. When once he has finished his preface Mr. Henty never proses or preaches; he never indulges in otiose description to fill up his quantum of pages; he never dwells upon deeds of bloodshed with unnecessary unction; he never introduces love and passion as the dominant motives. In brief, Mr. Henty performs his function of amusing and instructing boys in a most workmanlike fashion, though without any spark of genius. We can read him easily, and recommend him cordially to others; but we should not like to undertake to read him twice. *The Cat of Bubastis* we are disposed to consider one of Mr. Henty's most successful efforts. The subject is fresh, and has evidently been carefully studied. Above all do we commend the author for his moderation in just showing us Moses, and then passing on to his proper business. The illustrator is Mr. Weguelin, who has already proved his knowledge of both ancient and modern Egypt on a larger canvas. His frontispiece—showing a fowler aiming with a throwing-stick from a boat, with a cat waiting to retrieve—is altogether excellent; but the last picture of "Amuba, King of the Rebu," appears to us only ludicrous.

Commodore Junk. By G. Manville Fenn. (Cassell.) This is the latest addition to the series of books of adventure which began with *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines*. The subject is the familiar one of piracy in the Spanish main, though a novel element is introduced by making the pirate captain a woman, inspired first by fraternal love and then by revenge. The time is "the early days of King George the First" when almost everything is possible, except for a gentleman to go to his club and order his dinner and drink old Carbonell port (p. 346). We cannot think the story one of Mr. Manville Fenn's best; for, as we said last week, we prefer his realistic and humorous descriptions of the modern boy. But it is powerfully written, the characters are well individualised, and some of the incidents are very effective. We have ourselves been most struck by the description of the convicts at work on the plantation, by the weird incidents connected with the burial of the original Commodore Junk, and by the fight between the pirate and the king's ship. The prolonged love-story and the final catastrophe have interested us less.

The Story of Arthur Penreath, sometime Gentleman of Sir Walter Raleigh. From his own Writings. By Verney Lovett Cameron. Illustrated by Stanley Berkeley. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) We are of opinion that Commander Cameron's former book of adventure, *The Queen's Land* (1886), never attracted the attention it deserved, though it has just reached a second and illustrated edition (Sonnenchein). It had faults, as we said at the time; for the supernatural element unduly predominated over the realistic. But its real misfortune was that it was overshadowed by the greater popularity of *She*; and we are not prepared to contend that the public verdict was wrong. In this second (or third) venture as a writer for boys, we are glad to find that the author has altogether eschewed the miraculous, and

contented himself with an historical romance of the days of Raleigh. His hero is a young Cornish gentleman, whose personal exploits are modelled upon those of Amyas Leigh. The narrative is told in the first person, which is a dangerous method for all but the masters of fiction, inasmuch as it tends to tedium. But Commander Cameron has evidently taken so much pains over his chronicles that we can pardon him for adopting this mode of displaying his knowledge. One advantage, at least, he has over Kingsley, in his familiarity with the nautical language of the time; and the episode of the "Revenge" is made more intelligible to us than in Tennyson's ballad. We may further praise the skilful way in which the hero always subordinates himself to his own hero, Raleigh. The illustrations by Mr. Stanley Berkeley are bold, and not unsuited to the character of the story.

Storied Holidays: a Cycle of Historic Red-letter Days. By E. S. Brooks. With Illustrations by Howard Pyle. (Blackie.) As neither the title nor subtitle very aptly express the intentions of the author, it may be as well to say that this book—which is presumably of American origin—consists of twelve stories, each of which associates a boy or a girl with some historic anniversary. The idea is ingenious, and has been well carried out, though not all the stories are of equal interest. The Greek and Roman tales are the least successful. But the two American ones—"Independence Day" and "Thanksgiving Day"—seem to us first-rate, perhaps because they are most fresh; and "April Fools' Day" and "Michaelmas" are also very good. The author has evidently taken great pains to be accurate in his surroundings; and the attractiveness of the volume owes not a little to the picturesque pencil of Mr. Howard Pyle, and to the admirable manner in which most of his drawings have been reproduced.

Wonderful Escapes. By R. Whiteing. (Cassell.) For anyone desirous of writing a novel of adventure, this book would form an admirable handbook. It contains all the most daring and persevering escapes from prisons which have happened from Aristomenes to that of Louis Napoleon from Ham, and of Stephens, the head centre, from Richmond Bridewell. Any one of these is capable, in the hands of an artist, of indefinite expansion. Many are of thrilling interest, even without the novelist's intervention. It is easy to see the motif for the escape of Dumas's hero in *Monte Christo* in those of Baron Trenck and Cassanova de Seingalt, although the latter narrative had evidently acquired something of the halo of romance even before it left the author's hands. All boys ought to read this book.

Jack Locke: a Tale of the War and the Wave. By Gordon Stables. (Frederick Warne.) Dr. Gordon Stables always writes brightly, and his knowledge of sea life gives a special interest to his stories. This little tale has not cost him much effort in the way of invention; but with a battle or two, a shipwreck, a plague-ship, and a mutiny, the hero's adventures are varied enough, and a boy who takes it up will not leave it till he gets to the end.

Flowers and Fruit from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Arranged by Abbie H. Fairfield. (Sampson Low.) The well-known book of selections from George Eliot's works appears to have suggested this little volume. Whether it were wise thus to exhibit Mrs. Stowe's writing cut up into paragraphs depends upon the estimation in which the reader holds it, and the lights which it throws upon woman, children, the inner life, and the other headings under which the arranger (herself, we take it, an American) has put together her selections. To us the abstract statements or reflections of the

author too often seem platitudes. What can be learned, for instance, from these two aphorisms—"Eyes that have never wept cannot comprehend sorrow," or "Forgiveness of enemies used to be the *ultima thule* [sic] of virtue, but I rather think it will have to be forgiveness of friends. I call the man a perfect Christian that can always forgive his friends"? It is not easy for an Englishman always to admire Mrs. Stowe's English. The paragraphs on New England life are, of course, delightful. The gift of description peculiarly belonged to Mrs. Stowe. She was as fond of an old house with quaint rooms and furniture as was Hawthorne. Her humour is somewhat old-fashioned, now that the craze for *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has died away. The sentiment is not any newer than the humour, for instance, in—"Den, you see, honey, der's some folks der's two men in 'em, one is a good one, and t'oder is very bad"; or "I feel tempted to be proud, I can make such good bread." A Yankee Mrs. Poyer observes—"All children a'n't alike. This un a'n't like your Sally. 'A hen and a humble-bee can't be fetched up alike, fix it how you will.' The description of spring at Paganuc is charming. Mrs. Stowe's reflective vein is thin, and runs out at the surface in precisely the same sentiment at pp. 187 and 173.

The Five Talents of Woman. By the Author of "How to be Happy, though Married." (Fisher Unwin.) Women, whether old or young, ought to welcome these twenty-eight genial essays. They touch on most of the great problems which beset womanhood at this end of the nineteenth century, and the honest sensible statements of the writer cannot but prove of great service. Such subjects as "How to be a Lady," "Catechism before Marriage," "Choosing a Husband," and the like, are treated from the common-sense view of much observation and reflection. They are so persuasive and full of sympathy, too, that they will win acceptance at once. Numberless good stories are scattered through the text, and the author's pleasant style will infallibly carry on the reader to the end of the book. No more important subject for the earthly happiness, both of men and women, can be found than those here examined. Every woman ought to consult this oracle; and we are sure that, did it become a reading book in young ladies' schools, much misery in the after life of future wives and mothers would be prevented. It is dedicated to Mr. Ruskin, and cannot be too highly recommended, both to girls and matrons.

Out in the World. By Pansy. (Edinburgh: Nelson.) So far as "Pansy" implies pensiveness it may be allowed to stand for a quality sufficiently marked in this product of the author; but, so far as reverting to an earlier stage of the word-formation—it implies thought, it stands for the author's most conspicuous defect. Pensive and moody the book certainly is, thoughtful in any worthy sense of the term it as certainly is not. It is the story of religious effort carried through with commendable unselfishness, but considerably spoilt by a narrow conception both of religious and ethical duties. Miss Claire Benedict is the heroine. She is a sincere and well-intentioned young lady, apparently brought up in the narrowest school of Evangelical sectarianism. She has a habit of accosting strangers by asking them whether they are Christians. This, though sufficiently discourteous, might be allowed to pass if it were not attended by the implication that any other species of Christianity than that she herself professes is wrong and sinful. We suppose it would be no use suggesting that Christ may possibly mean something greater and nobler than the petty *idolum*—to use Bacon's terminology—which she has herself framed concerning Him.

Jasper's Conquest, by Elizabeth J. Lyssagt (Blackie), is a decidedly interesting and instructive story for boys, showing how Jasper Dene conquered his propensity to sudden and causeless anger. The author has written so many books of the same kind that we suppose it is no use to remonstrate with her on her jerky and spasmodic style of narrative. It seems copied—at least it reproduces—the most conspicuous and tiresome mannerism of Victor Hugo. She also seems to require some initiation into metaphysical abstractions. It is not correct to say that "giddiness was an unknown quantity" (p. 130), meaning that it did not exist in the case in question.

Ready! Aye, Ready! By Agnes Giberne. (Nisbet.) This book, though apparently intended for children, is in reality suited only to older readers. The scene is laid in a small manufacturing town, and the author describes in detail some of its workers. The real hero of the story is the rector, who bravely saves some children from the attack of a mad dog, and eventually dies from the shock. The moral of his life and death is forcibly painted; but some of the chapters are too freely interspersed with texts, and the want of humour is a decided blemish.

A Black Jewel (S.P.C.K.) is a pleasant and true tale, by Fleur de Lys, of a negro boy who was captured in a slave-raid and passed into the hands of an Englishman at Cairo. Johar proved his fidelity to his master during the rebellion of Arabi, and even suffered the discomforts of a Cairo prison for his sake. Subsequently, Johar (who still lives) married a playmate who had been carried off in the same raid.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN have issued a new edition, in six volumes, of a serial work which was very familiar to our parents (or perhaps to our grandparents), under the title of *The Parents' Companion of Amusement and Instruction*. It consists of moral tales and easy scientific articles, which still read astonishingly fresh after the lapse of more than fifty years. The rough woodcuts are no less pleasing than the simplicity of style and homeliness of life which were then in fashion. The present edition is edited by Miss Constance Hill, daughter of Martha Hill (then Miss Cowper), who, with Mr. William Ellis, the philanthropist, has the honour of having started and carried through the original undertaking.

WE have nothing but praise for the first yearly volume of the new girls' magazine, *Atalanta*, edited by L. T. Meade and Alicia A. Barr (Hatchards). The list of authors presents an extraordinary array of eminent names. It begins with "Sir Edwin Arnold, Rider Haggard, Archdeacon Farrar, Walter Besant, Andrew Lang, F. Anstey, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Thackeray, Arabella Buckley, Mrs. Humphrey Ward"; and (after enumerating some thirty more writers, nearly all well known) it ends with "Mrs. Fawcett, and many others." Among the "others" are such popular writers as "John Strange Winter" and Hamilton Aide. The list of artists is shorter, but almost equally distinguished. What is of more importance than the celebrity of the writers and illustrations is that their contributions appear to be worthy of their reputation. The serial stories are "The White Man's Foot," by Grant Allen; "Neighbours," by Mrs. Molesworth; and "The Lady of the Forest," by "L. T. Meade." Mr. Augustine Birrell commences a series of "Notes upon Books." He says he expects that as a reviewer he will be "called dull by the reader and dishonest by the authours"; but his authours have so far received very kindly treatment, and we should like to see the reader who called Mr. Birrell "dull."

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. REEVES & TURNER will publish, shortly after Christmas, a Life of James Thomson (author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, &c.), in one volume, by Mr. H. S. Salt. The book, which is partly biographical, partly a study of Thomson's works, will include a good many letters and one or two hitherto unpublished poems.

MR. PFEIFFER'S new volume, under the title of *The Witch's last Ride, and other Poems*, will shortly be published through Messrs. Trübner.

THE Clarendon Press will publish immediately *The Dynasty of Theodosius*; or, Eighty Years' Struggle with the Barbarians," by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin. The author has endeavoured to present in brief compass the events which occupy the earlier portion of his more detailed work, "Italy and her Invaders." The history of the barbarian invasion is traced from the Gothic revolt in 377 to the Vandal buccaneers' raid in 455; and, in order to give unity to the narrative, the history of Theodosius and his family is chosen as the connecting thread of the events described in it. The author has also given a slight sketch of the political and social conditions of the Romans and the barbarians at the commencement of the contest, in order to bring vividly before the mind of the reader the contrast between the two chief elements out of which mediæval and modern Europe has been compounded. The book is accompanied by two maps, representing Europe at the beginning and near the close of the period selected, and also by an engraving of a shield in the museum at Madrid, depicting Theodosius and his sons in that semi-barbaric splendour which was characteristic of the Lower Empire.

THE fourteenth and concluding volume of the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* will be published early next week by Messrs. Cassell and Company. This work, which has been in preparation for nearly seventeen years, will contain about 50,000 more words than any other existing dictionary. While Webster's Unabridged Dictionary fills 1538 pages, and the Imperial Dictionary 2922, the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* extends to no less than 5,629 pages.

THE January volume of the "Canterbury Poets" will consist of Selections from Crabbe, edited by Mr. Edward Lamplough.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will publish almost immediately, *The Windmill and its Secrets*: a Dove Dale Romance, by Mr. C. W. Heckethorn. It is the story of a little girl who becomes a distinguished pianist and cantatrice.

The City of Faith, by L. B. Blean, is the title of a work on religious enquiry in the present day announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A GERMAN translation of *Ulu*, the African romance of which Mr. Joseph Thomson and Miss Harris Smith are the authors, is being prepared by Herr F. de Meyer, and will be published by Herr Spemann, of Stuttgart.

MISS CLIVE SCHREINER, author of *The Story of an African Farm*, is writing an allegory in *The Women's Penny Paper*. The first part, "I thought I stood," appeared on December 8; and the second part, "Once more I stood," will be published to-day.

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, late director-general of statistics to the Indian government, will give a lecture at the London Institution on Monday next, December 17, at 5 p.m., upon "The New Forces in India."

MR. R. WHELAN BOYLE, of the *Daily Chronicle*, has received a letter from Windsor Castle informing him that the Empress Frederick has been graciously pleased to accept his

verses addressed to her on her return, for a time, to her native land.

MR. KARL BLIND—who published, in the *Archaeological Review* of July, "A Grimm's Tale in a Shetland Folklore Version," marked in Grimm as No. 20, and given in an English translation as "The Ladybird and the Fly"—has received, from a Shetland friend, another curious survival of popular tradition in the North. It is an "Aesiepattle," or Cinderella story, differing considerably from other variants, and showing contact partly with the German, partly with a Karelian tale of the same kind. The original source of this yet unwritten version is in Scotland, near Glasgow.

PROF. TEN BRINK, of Strassburg, has just brought out the first section of the second volume of his well-known *History of English Literature*. This section contains the portion on Wyclif, Chaucer, Hoccleve, Lydgate, &c., the whole of the Middle English drama, a chapter on classical studies and the universities, and part of the fifteenth-century prose. The second section of the second volume will appear in April or May next year, and will come down to the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

WE have received a paper reprinted from the Dutch *Taalstudie* (ix. 3-6), consisting of addenda to the new edition of Hoppe's *Supplement-Lexikon* for the words A to CLOSE, by C. Stoffel of Nijmegen. This is—some of our readers may be interested to learn—a valuable contribution to modern English lexicography, based upon a careful reading of contemporary novels and periodicals. The quotations from old numbers of *Punch* are specially interesting, e.g., "Caucasian," in reference to Disraeli; and so are the illustrations from Dutch usage. It is true that we in England are not disposed to attach so much importance to the neologisms of Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. (not Miss) F. C. Philips; nor can we repress a smile at the mistakes into which the Dutch student has been occasionally led by his ignorance of colloquialisms and mere slang. The following is very funny, but it would be unjust to regard it as typical:

"*Bow and Spear*. This is but another phrase for the 'police detective force' [!]. The question remains whether it is applicable to the Russian police only. 'I am evidently in the hands of the police; I am the captive of M. Paul Dromiroff's *bow and spear*' (Miss [sic] Philips' *As in a Looking Glass*, 208)."

The editor seems to have overlooked another quotation of the same Biblical phrase on p. 32.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MESSRS. TINSLEY BROTHERS will publish on December 20 the first number of *Tinsley's Journal*, a Miscellany of Fact and Fiction, containing a paper called "A Warning to Bishops," by a Country Rector; an essay on Samuel Richardson; "Notes on Actors and Acting," by Percy Fitzgerald; the commencement of a serial story, by Lily Tinsley; and "Random Recollections," by William Tinsley, the publisher.

THE Ruskin Reading Guild—whose aims are

"(1) to diffuse a knowledge of the writings of Mr. Ruskin, and also of the authors to whom he looks as his masters; and (2) to promote, by the method of association, thoughtful reading and study of good literature"—

proposes to issue with the new year a monthly journal. The editor is Mr. W. Markwick, Hillside House, Arbroath.

ANOTHER new monthly paper, to appear in January at Edinburgh, is sufficiently explained by its title—the *Disestablishment Banner*.

MR. TALFOURD ELY will contribute to the January number of the *Antiquary* a paper on "Recent Archaeological Discoveries"; Mr. J. Theodore Bent will write on "The Sun Myths of Modern Hellas"; Mr. J. A. Sparvel-Bayley on "Essex in Insurrection"; the Rev. R. S. Mylne on "Ancient Peru"; Mr. Edward Peacock on "Kirton-in-Lindsey"; and Mr. C. A. Ward on "Thomas Doggett, the Comedian."

AMONG the special features of the new volume of *Little Folks Magazine*, commencing with the January number, are: a new serial story by Mrs. Molesworth, called "Little Mother Bunch"; another serial, entitled "Red Feather," a tale of the American Frontier, by Edward S. Ellis; a special series of papers describing "Child Life at the Courts of Europe," with illustrations of royal children from photographs; Legends and Rhymes.

THE new serial beginning in the January number of *Time* will be from the pen of Mr. F. C. Philips.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. W. HATCHETT JACKSON, of New College—who is perhaps best known as the editor of the recent greatly enlarged edition of Rolleston's *Forms of Animal Life*—has been appointed, for one year, deputy professor of anatomy at Oxford.

MR. W. GARDINER, of Clare College, has been appointed university lecturer in botany; and Dr. Hill, master of Downing College, university lecturer in advanced human anatomy, at Cambridge.

PROF. JEBB has been elected honorary fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN, the recently appointed reader in botany at Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Vines, has been elected to a fellowship at Christ's College.

MR. E. B. NICHOLSON, Bodley's librarian, has printed an elaborate report upon the library, which covers the five years from the date of his appointment to the end of 1887. An immense amount of condensed information is given concerning the contents of the library—books, MSS., and coins—recent additions, the progress of cataloguing, questions of lending, protection from fire, and administration generally, finance, &c., &c. Altogether, it forms a worthy record of Mr. Nicholson's strenuous activity in many different branches of library management. We observe that only two colleges, University and Jesus, have as yet deposited their MSS. in the Bodleian. Another interesting deposit is that of the collection of autographs formed by the late Duke of Albany.

THE Oxford Historical Society has just issued (Clarendon Press) the first of its volumes for 1888. This consists of a third part of vol. ii. of the *Register of the University of Oxford*. Vol. i., edited by the Rev. C. W. Boase in 1884, gave all the entries available from 1449 to 1571; vol. ii. covers the period down to 1622, when the old records of matriculation change to the present form. It has been compiled throughout by the Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln, who has taken infinite pains to compare the entries in the archives of the university with such college documents as are in existence. Of this volume, three parts have now appeared: (1) containing a general description of the system of graduation, with special lists of honorary degrees, incorporations, trades controlled by the university, &c.; (2) the matriculations; and (3) the degrees. A fourth part yet remains, to be devoted to a general index, without which, of course, the whole volume is imperfect. The dimensions of the task which Mr. Clark has

undertaken may be gathered from the fact that the three parts already published fill nearly 1500 pages. As a specimen of his work, we quote an entry in Part 3, p. 105 :

"*Trinity.* KETTEL (Ketell, Kettell, Kettle, Kittle) RALPH ; suppl. B.A. 22 Feb. 1587, adm. 7 July 1582, det. 1583 ; suppl. M.A. 23 Mar. 1584, lic. 23 Apr. 1586, inc. 1586 ; suppl. B.D. 8 June, adm. 11 June 1594 ; suppl. D.D. 3 May, lic. 9 May 1597, inc. 1597 ; suppl. lic. to preach 28 Jan. lic. 29 Jan. 1608 (being then Pres. of Trin.) [ii. 87] < Scholar of Trin. in 1579, Fellow in 1583, President in 1598>."

From the reference to Part 2, we learn that Ralph Kettell matriculated from Trinity on April 3, 1579, being described as "Herts. gen. f. actat. 15."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

CANTATA

AT THE COPENHAGEN-UNIVERSITY FESTIVAL, Nov. 17, 1888, in Commemoration of the Royal Jubilee, Nov. 15, 1888, the 25th year of H.M. CHRISTIAN IX., as King of Denmark.

Music by N. W. GADE, Words by CARL PLOUG.

Translated line for line, in the metre of the original, by Prof. Dr. GEORGE STEPHENS, F.S.A., Lond. and Edinb., Hon. Dr. of Laws, Cambridge.

I. RECITATIVE.

How long is space of five and twenty suns ?
In each man's life a mighty span it fileth,
Wherein with quicken'd foot to' his mark he runs,
If blasting canker boasted bloom not killeth.
But to a race—how short that flight of years,
One single start in its historic story ;
Were false that step, scarce scapt abyss it fears,
And back must shrink from goal of long-dreamt glory.
Then scan that time, and think on yon far morning,
When Denmark's diadem grac'd our youthful King.
Around, no friendly Fays were luck's spell forming ;
Harsh dismal voices hoarsest bodings bring.
Alas, what helps sharp shriek when sword-stabs reach us !
Past faults had ripen'd into present woe.
God grant, our sorrowful Saga now may teach us,
Our bark refitting, to steer where safe streams flow.
Fierce howl'd the storm, with crash of horrid thunder,
By some long fear'd, but not of them foreseen.
Blue lightnings flam'd, earth's self gan split asunder,
And yawn'd where from of yore one soil had been.
Allies we call'd to aid, and still hop'd fondly
In cousins fairness, soul noble in nearest kin ;—
In desert drear soon died our voice despondingly,
To' our fate they left us, beggarly truce to win.
So' alone we fought ; and—laurel one still left us—
Unflinching, calm, tho' Ruin glar'd in sight ;
Still ours was Honor, land and folk bereft us ;
Yes Honor, spite foemen's threefold overmighty.
True, glints no gladness ; only sad shaped darkle,
And sea and shore in thick'ning fog-veil stand ;
Start two yet o'er that curtain dart their sparkle—
The flags of SANKELMARK and HÆLGOLAND.
But peace must be ; and, to get leave to pay it,
We low must lout to strong men's high-thron'd crest ;
The price—what pain for Danish lips to say it—
A bleeding limb torn from our Dana's breast.
Then we, still free, our care-worn head down-bending,
While throes of anguish patriot heart-strings break,
We feel, must strain each nerve, wide arms extending,
For now the Fatherland's Future is at stake.

Then came Spring-seasons, dewdrops fieldward flinging,
Bonnie bloom-shoots laughing from the new-thaw'd ground,
While Hope's pale Lilies peep in clusters springing,
On woodland treetops op'nning budlets found.
True Union, whereon our all depended,
Was far, and yet at hand seem'd in the main ;
And something—our wisht whole by "cries" suspended—
For common weal and land-defence we gain.

But where is Summer ? Cold winds smite and smatter,
The marrow drying of wither'd things and tost.

Glib tung-mills chaff, husks grind with endless clatter,

And each week's working is but labour lost.—

The tempest lulls. Dreams our young life would smother

To mist-dance sink, and idle goblin-play.—

With fool's-cap, sure, would History deck our Mother

Should ever mo those mad wights mock their prey.

May now this Autumn-sun, all warmth and lightness

Our Liege that smiles on, gilding his crown's rich dye,

A second summer token, show'ring brightness

On' his folk in largess, as new morns draw nigh.

So time, man's treasure, ne waste they in contention,

But use each swift-run sand with heart and hand,

Abandoning poor partisan pretension,

Resolv'd again to build and fend our land.

CHORUS.

But happy we, that rule and pow'r
In trusty grasp was laid,
And that our Guide in danger's hour
Stood fast, what base bands round him lour !
Our liberty's banner by him up-stay'd,
He fearless held our Charter's scroll,
Nor car'd how winds and waters roll ;
His one host : Law shall be obey'd.
His folkland's welfare all his thought,
That beacon leads him day by day ;
From Right's straight path nor bent nor bought,
His Right, his Duty, points his way.

II.

Hail to thee, Christian ! As lustres flew by us,
Shimmer or shadow them fill'd when they came,
Ever unalter'd thou, Sovran, art nigh us ;
Good's what thou wildest, sure is thine aim.
Thus in each crisis sprang policy fitting,
Step none thy kingdom mote injure admitting.
God in His Grace thy mild sceptre permitting
Burghers to wreath it with oak-garlands claim.
Hail to thee, Christian !—With state-juggle shameless
Shire none thou gain'd hast by Iron or Blood.
Chevalier Royal ! Thy brow uplift, blameless ;
DAN'S MARK was offer'd thee, old realm and good.
Free wilt thou govern, to Law-book submissive,
All thro thy sway freedom's hymn is permissive,
Free is our homage in mass and with missive,
Love clasps us to thee, as free men it should.

IDYL.

At Fredensborg by the glitt'ring lake,
Whose ripple the bank caresses,
There quiet rest shall thine old age take
While round thee a lov'd flock presses ;
There fain shalt thou hear
From far and near
How Heaven thy land-group still blesses.
The lisom Light-Elves will leap to thee there
In squadrons, ere the sky's orb closes,
And carpets weave or crants-flowers bear,
Or paint for thee reddest roses ;
With lay, where thou stay,
Keep chill out by day,
Waft sleep's balm where Dan's Prince reposes.
Sit shalt thou so as Clan-chief high,
Bold flourishing King-stems greeting,
Who to thy welcoming halls draw nigh
When fixes thy bode the meeting.
Their heart-wishes wield
In secret thy shield,
For thee and thy realm fence un-fleeting.

May thou and thy Consort, fair bride of auld lang syne,
Show locks to swanwhite turning ere life's lamp cease to shine ;
May all that you have, toilsome, nurst up for other's weal,
All—clad in your names' purple—that hallow would and heal,
Their benisons widely scatter as lent and leaf-fall fly,
Your weary eyes refreshing—till soothes Death's lullaby !

CHORUS.

Save, Lord, the sea-girt green-hung shaw
That his each Danskere calleth ;
It flich no fiend with gory claw !

May it ne'er foul breath in slavery draw !
Round burgh and strand lift bomb-proof haw,
Last screen when the hiss-shell galleth !

In fred and freedom live we on,
Undyng heir'd from sire to son,
Till Doomsday tyrants grim appaleth !

Keep, Lord, our Home now stript by Thee
Of legions, lands and glory !

Teach it in honest unity
To seek and find, at Thine own knee
Each gem of manly dignity,
New themes to annals hoary.

With mind-mail arm'd and tireless zeal,
May it drape its tent, its low roof ceil
With fingers' sleight and High Art's story !

Our Monarch and his whole House save ;
Both health and wealth prepare him !
To bend his state-bow make him brave,
That late he some relief may crave ;
Till, mid laments from wong and wave,
To' his rest in Christ his people bear him.
Sweet, then, his ev'ning bells be rung ;
And, silent grown each bitter tung,
All FRIEND AND FATHER loud declare him !

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for December continues Prof. Ramsay's interesting study on a subject which appeals to everyone who cares for the naive polytheistic and fervent Christian faith of Central Asia Minor. The public demeanour of the Christians, their relation to their neighbours and to the government, their organisation, the appearance they presented to their neighbours—such are the points illustrated from the inscriptions in the present paper. Incidentally, an error is pointed out in a reading adopted by Bishop Lightfoot (the reference is unkindly withheld): "Council of Poverty" (of the purple-dyers) should rather be "Council of the Presidency." The history of charity organisation, therefore, is not forwarded by this most probably Christian document. Dr. Wright, of Dublin, continues his very useful "advice about commentaries"; budding professors will find much here on the Hexateuch to serve their turn. Mr. Balfour has a valuable suggestion on the difficult and important passage—Heb. vi. 1, 2. Prof. Bruce continues his series on Hebrews, discussing "the captain of salvation"; and Prof. Cheyne attempts to make psalm-exegesis profitable to the devout in a study on part of Psalm iv.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ALT. TH. System der Künste. Berlin : Grote. 6 M.
BONVALOT, G. Du Caucase aux Indes à travers le Pamir. Paris : Pion. 20 fr.

BRIQUET, C. M. Papiers et filigranes des archives de Gênes 1164 à 1700. Basel : Georg. 12 M.

DAUDET, Alph., etc. L'Eau. Paris : Rothschild. 30 fr.
DESCUBES, A. Nouveau Dictionnaire d'histoire, de géographie, de mythologie et de biographie. Paris : Le Vasseur. 25 fr.

FOURNIER, E. L'Art de la reliure en France aux derniers siècles. Paris : Dentu. 5 fr.

GÖRING, H. Sophie Germain u. Clotild de Vaux. Ihr Leben u. Denken. Zürich : Schröter. 6 M.

- HERZOG, A. Studien zur Geschichte der griechischen Kunst. Leipzig: Engelmann. 7 M.
- LÜNING, O. Die Natur, ihre Auffassung u. poetische Verwendung in den alten und mittelhochdeutschen Epen bis zum Abschluss der Blütezeit. Zürich: Schultess. 4 M.
- MARTHA, Jules. L'Art étrusque. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 30 fr.
- MICHEL DE VOGUÉ, E. Le Roman russe. Paris: Pion. 7 ft. 50 c.
- MIREUR, H. Le Mouvement comparé de la population à Marseille, en France et dans les Etats de l'Europe. Paris: Masson. 6 fr.
- MONGAUX, P. Apulée: roman et magie. Paris: Quantin. 3 ft. 50 c.
- POETALIS, Le Baron Roger. Honoré Fragonard: sa Vie, son Œuvre. Paris: Rothschild. 60 fr.
- SOUVENIR et correspondance du Prince E. de Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berlebourg, ancien aide de camp général de l'Empereur Alexandre II. de Russie. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 15 fr.
- YRIARTE, Ch. César Borgia. Paris: Rothschild. 20 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- PETERSEN, E. F. Philemon. Der Brief d. Apostels Paulus an diesen seinen Freund in 9 Betrachtungen. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- ROGGE, Ch. Die Ausdruckung d. Apostels Paulus v. dem religiös-ethischen Charakter d. Heidentums auf Grund der vier Hauptbriefe. Leipzig: Reichardt. 1 M. 30 Pf.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- DELABORDE, H. Fr. L'Expédition de Charles VIII. en Italie. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 30 fr.
- FORCELLA, V. Iscrizioni delle chiese e degli altri edifici di Milano dal sec. VIII ai giorni nostri. T. I. Milan: Hoepli. 24 fr.
- KÜHLER, G. Die Entwicklung d. Kriegswesens. 3. Bd. 2. Abth. Die Entwicklung der personellen Streitkräfte in der Ritterzeit. Breslau: Koebner. 10 M.
- LOVINSKIN, H. Beiträge zur Verfassungsgeschichte der westfälischen Reichsstädte. Paderborn: Schöningh. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- PFRESCHE, E. Die Interdiction d. römischen Civilprocesses. Graz: Leuschner. 5 M. 30 Pf.
- PROU, M. Les Registres d'Honorius IV. Paris: Thorin. 45 fr.
- PAUTZ, H. Entwicklung u. Untergang d. Tempelherrenordens. Berlin: Grote. 12 M.
- RUNAN, E. Histoire du Peuple d'Israël. T. 2. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
- SCHERZGURKUNDE, die Constantiniache. I. Das Constitution Constantini. Von H. Bruuner. II. Der älteste Text. Von K. Zeumer. Berlin: Springer. 2 M.
- VALARE, M. Johann v. Planta. Ein Beitrag zur polit. Geschichte Rhätiens im 16. Jahrh. Zürich: Schulthess. 2 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- AUS Justus Liebig's u. Friedrich Wöhler's Briefwechsel in den J. 1829-1873. Hrsg. v. A. W. Hofmann. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 15 M.
- BONISIER, E. Flora orientalis. Supplementum editore R. Buser. Basel: Georg. 11 M. 20 Pf.
- FOCK, A. Einleitung in die chemische Krystallographie. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M.
- FÜRBRINGER, M. Untersuchungen zur Morphologie u. Systematik der Vögel. Jena: Fischer. 125 M.
- KRAUS, G. Grundlinien zu e. Physiologie d. Gerbstoffes. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M.
- KRIES, J. v. Ueb. der Begriff der objectiven Möglichkeit u. einige Anwendungen derselben. Leipzig: Fues. 3 M. 50 Pf.
- LANG, A. Ueb. den Einfluss der festzitzenden Lebensweise auf die Thiere u. üb. den Ursprung der ungeschlecht. Fortpflanzung durch Theilg. u. Knosp. Jena: Fischer. 3 M.
- MUSEUM d'histoire naturelle des Pays-Bas. T. XII. Catalogue systématique des Mammifères, par F. A. Jentink. Leiden: Brill. 7 M. 85 Pf.
- PAULSEN, F. System der Ethik m. e. Umriss der Staats- u. Gesellschaftslehre. Berlin: Besser. 11 M.
- PAX, F. Monographische Übersicht üb. die Arten der Gattung Primula. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BEHR, E. Das Tárikh-i zendje des Ibn 'Abd el-Kérím 'Ali Rizá von Stráz. Leiden: Brill. 3 M.
- DUVAL, R. Lexicon Syracum, auctore Hassano Bar Bahlu. Fase. I. Paris: Vieweg. 20 fr.
- HERMANN, P. Studien ub. das Stockholmer Homilienbuch. Eine Kritik v. Sievers' Eddametrik. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 30 Pf.
- KÜHLER, E. Der Sprachgebrauch d. Cornelius Nepos in der Kasusyntax. Gotha: Perthes. 30 Pf.
- REICHEL, W. V. der deutschen Betonung. Jena: Pohle. 2 M.
- RÜNECH, H. Semasiologische Beiträge zum lateinischen Wörterbuch. 2. Hft. Adjectiva u. Pronomina, Adverbia u. Adverbialia. Leipzig: Fues. 3 M.
- RUGE, G. Quæstiones Strabonianæ. Jena: Pohle. 2 M.
- SÖNNER, E. De arbitris externis, quos Graeci adhuc fuerunt ad lites et intestinas et peregrinas componendas, quæstiones epigraphicae. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
- THUMB, A. Untersuchungen üb. den Spiritus asper im Griechischen. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. MARY FITTON AND SHAKSPEARE'S
152ND SONNET.

London: Nov. 16, 1888.

In Mr. Gerald Massey's "new work on old lines," which he still calls *The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), I find that I have the honour of being made an object of attack, in company with Prof. Dowden, Dr. Furnivall, and various other persons. Prof. Dowden and Dr. Furnivall are quite able to defend themselves, though, on this occasion, they may doubt, perhaps, whether it is worth while to do so, notwithstanding that the last-named scholar is consigned to the category of "irresponsible echoes"—

"The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby."

As to myself and Shakspere's Sonnets, I learn that my chief claim to attention "lies in the introduction of a new claimant—one Mary Fitton—as that Dark Lady of the latter Sonnets who they say was mistress in common to Shakspere and the Earl of Pembroke." I find, moreover, that, with respect to what I have written, "the parrots of the press will hail this as the solution of a problem, and are already crying, 'Pretty Polly.'" Mrs. Fitton has evidently caused Mr. Massey a good deal of uneasiness, though he affirms that the "Herbertists" who accept or regard with favour this lady's claim to be the Sonnet heroine remind him of "those Africans who cannot face a dead fly in their drink, but who will hunt each other's heads for live delicacies"—a variation this of "straining out a gnat and swallowing down a camel," remarkable alike for its subtlety and refinement. The "camel" in this case is, that Mary Fitton bore her maiden name, while sonnet 152 evidently refers to a married woman. "In act thy bed-vow broke" proves the marriage state." This difficulty, I am told, "should have been fully faced at once." Undoubtedly—and quite apart from anything which Mr. Massey has written—the question is one of very considerable importance. Fortunately an answer can now be given such as was not possible even three or four years ago.

What do we know as to Mrs. Fitton's conjugal relations? In a MS. by Ormerod, author of the *History of Cheshire*, the following particulars were given:

"Capt. Louther = Mary Fitton = Capt. Polwhele 1st husband maid of honour, 2nd husband had one bastard
by Wm. E. of Pembroke,
& two bastards by Sir Richard Leveson Kt."

The authority given for these particulars was Sir Peter Leicester's MSS. Mrs. Fitton was married to Polwhele in or about 1607. If the particulars just given are correct, she must have been married to Louther in early youth, previous to 1595, when (aged seventeen) she became a maid of honour (MS. Harl. 1984). And also, previously to the date just mentioned, she must either have been divorced, or the marriage must have been treated as null

* See ACADEMY, Sept. 27, 1884. The identification of the dark lady of the sonnets with Mrs. Fitton was first somewhat timidly suggested by me (cf. ACADEMY, March 22 and April 19, 1884, and New Shakspere Society's Proceedings, May and June, 1884). Other communications followed from myself and from my friend the Rev. W. A. Harrison, to whose learning and acumen the inquiry has been in various ways very much indebted. I may mention particularly Mr. Harrison's letter to the ACADEMY of July 5, 1884, in which he discussed the Dedication to Mrs. Fitton of Kemp's *Nine Daisies Wonder*.

and void. Having regard to her age, the latter would certainly seem the more probable alternative. But in this case would the marriage be entitled to registration in a genealogy, or would the male person concerned be rightly designated as "husband"? A communication recently (1888) made by Lord De Tabley casts a somewhat new light on Ormerod's entry. After research in the MSS. of his ancestor Sir Peter Leicester, Lord De Tabley asserts that Polwhele (spelt Polewheel) is given as Mrs. Fitton's first husband, and Louther as the second, and also that, while the bastard by Pembroke was, according to the same authority, a son, the two other bastards by Sir Richard Leveson (Lusan) were daughters. It appears thus either that Ormerod made a mistake, or that, influenced by some cause, he purposely deviated from the genealogy to which Lord De Tabley refers. For the present, however, it appears best to reverse the order given by Ormerod, and to take Louther as the second husband, and Polwhele as the first, though this course is certainly not free from difficulty.

The approximate date of Mrs. Fitton's marriage with Polwhele has been given above as 1607. This appears from the following evidence.* The will of Mrs. Fitton's father is dated March 4, 1604[-5]; and in it he bequeaths to his daughter, the Lady Anne Newdigate, a bowl or piece of plate of silver of the value of £6 13s. 4d., "wth myne armes in colours thereupon, and these words vnder them, 'The guift of S^r Edward Fytton,'" and a like bowl with arms and inscription to "my daughter Mary Fytton." At this time, then, Mary Fitton still bore her maiden name. The will of her great-uncle, Francis Fitton, is dated three years later, March 31, 1608. It contains a bequest to

"Mr. William Pollewhele who married with my nece M^r Marie Fitton younger daughter to Sir Edward Fitton knt. deceased my nephew before in these named my vsual riding sword being damasked commonly called a fauchon and my best horse or gelding of mine to his owne best liking as a remembrance and token of my loue to him and to his now wif."

The expression "his now wife" may be reasonably taken as implying a recent marriage. This marriage, therefore, we may place in or about 1607. But when did Mrs. Fitton have the two bastard daughters by Sir Richard Leveson? Did this occur in the interval between 1607 and 1601, when the son imputed to Pembroke was born? How, then, came it about that she stood so well with her father and her great-uncle? And how could Polwhele persuade himself to marry her? The same question may be asked with regard to Louther, if Polwhele died after a comparatively short interval, and the liaison with Leveson was subsequently formed. Are we to look for an explanation to Mrs. Fitton's tact and "warrantise of skill" (Sonm. 150)?

But, whether with Louther or with some other person, letters in Lord Salisbury's collection give evidence tending to the conclusion that there had been, prior to 1599, an actual marriage, or what might be construed as such. On Jan. 29, 1599, Mrs. Fitton's father writes to Sir Robert Cecil:

"Good Mr. Secretary help yo' poore clentyng my daughter to her porson w^{ch} thus longe hath rested in S^r Henry Wallop's hands, yf it might please you^t but to send for Mr. Wallop to yo^t and demand of him whether he haue not good discharge for the same, and such discharge as Mr. Treasurer his father him selfe layde downe yo^t honor shold then know his answer, and see his evasions: by this yo^t honor byndeth us both and without this I

* Kindly communicated to the Rev. W. A. Harrison by Mr. J. P. Earwaker, author of the *History of East Cheshire*.

shalbe much distressed or els my poore daughter hindred, To yo' Lo. protection therfore do I comend the cause and her that it doth concerne."

It thus appears that Mrs. Fitton's marriage-portion (probably arrears of pay to her father) had remained for a good while in the hands of Sir Henry Wallop, the Irish treasurer, objection being made to paying it over to the lady, on the ground of the discharge not being a good one. This is entirely in accordance with the supposition that there was, or was alleged to be, some one in the background who might possibly come forward and claim the money, on the ground of his having been married to Mrs. Fitton. If Mrs. Fitton had been married in early youth, and the marriage had been made out to be null and void, on the ground that the previous consent of parents had not been obtained, we can easily see that an objection might be possibly made to paying over to her her marriage-portion.*

Then, as to Shakspeare's mistress being in a position analogous to that in which we have supposed Mrs. Fitton to be, there is evidence of a remarkable character in this 152nd Sonnet. The expression "in act" (line 3) seems to have been either overlooked or misinterpreted:

"In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing."

As the words "in act" are commonly regarded, they are unsuitable and superfluous. If, however, in accordance with Elizabethan usage, we take these words as meaning "in fact," "in reality," much light is thrown on the place. There is no necessity for going outside Shakspeare to find an example of this usage. A very good one is to be found in a passage towards the end of the first scene of "Othello," thus given in the First Folio—

"For he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres
(Which euem now stands in Act) that for their
soules

Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse."

Othello is not yet formally appointed to the chief command in the "Cyprus wars." "But," says Iago, "the appointment is already as good as made; it 'even now stands *in act*.' The thing is as certain as if he were 'embark'd'; there is 'such loud reason' for it; indeed there is no other man to be found whose ability can equal that of Othello." Similarly, in the Sonnet-taking "in act" as equivalent to "in reality," "in fact"—Shakspeare's mistress had broken her marriage vow in

* "In respect to the Consent of Parents; 'tis said in our Canons that children may not marry without their consent. . . . And marriages that are made contrary to the Consent of Parents are pronounced to be invalid both by the Canon and Civil Law" (Ayliffe, *Pureron Juris Canonici*, p. 362).

It is not unimportant that Mary Fitton's elder brother incurred his father's very serious displeasure by marrying without consent. In a letter to Lord Burleigh (MS. Lansd., 71) his mother, Lady Fitton, speaks of her son as "sure to fall into some desperate action, for his father will not yett do anythinge for him." The letter is inscribed "15 May 1592, La. Phyton to my L. interceding with his Lords^p to do something for her son: who having married wⁿ out his fathers consent was vnder his displeasure." It is not unlikely that Mary Fitton's marriage took place at the same time, but that on account of her youth—she would be somewhat under fourteen, or about this age—her father took her back home.

^t The editors have very commonly changed "stands" into the plural "stand." This change, however, is in opposition to both folios and quartos, and it may be pronounced with some confidence to be wrong.

act, though she may have alleged that the marriage was set aside, or was treated as null and void, and that legally and formally there had been no breach. With such a signification, the words "in act" are fully accounted for; and the argument for the identification with Mrs. Fitton is very greatly strengthened.

When at Court in 1601, Mrs. Fitton's amour could be no longer concealed. Cecil writing to Sir G. Carew (February 5) says that Pembroke, "being examined, confesseth a fact, but utterly renounceth all marriage" (*Calendar of Carew MSS.*) These words, especially the emphatic "utterly," would well accord with an allegation of unchastity, or want of "honesty," using the word "honesty" in the wider Elizabethan sense. Moreover, there is in Lord Salisbury's collection a letter from Mrs. Fitton's father, Sir Edward Fitton, which also conveys the impression that, as a reason for not marrying her, a charge of want of "honesty" had been adduced by Pembroke. The letter, which bears date May 16 [or 18], 1601, was written from Stanner*, where Sir Edward was compelled to stop on account of his daughter's weakness. With regard to Pembroke he says, writing to Cecil—

"I can saye nothing of the Erle, but my daughter is confident in her chance before God and wisheth my Lo. and she might but meet before in different senes, but for my self I expect noe good from hym that in all this tyme hathe not shewed any kindness. I count my daughter as good a gentlewoman as my Lo. is though the dignity of honor [be greater onlie in him]^t w^{ch} hath begiled her I feare, except my Lo.'s honesty bee the greater vertuoes."

Mrs. Fitton's confidence as to the result of an appearance before a divine tribunal looks, at first sight, somewhat mysterious. Her wish that Pembroke and she, before this last account, may meet in "different scenes," implies possibly a still lingering desire for marriage. But her father entertains no such thought. He "expects no good from him." Pembroke has not "all this time" (since the affair of some three months ago) "shown any kindness." What follows certainly gives probability to the position that Sir Edward had in view a suggested marriage, and Pembroke's repudiation of the idea. He argues that Mrs. Fitton is, in point of social status, as good as Pembroke, except, indeed, that the latter is a nobleman, and has such dignity (whatever it may be) as attaches to a title. Sir Edward is afraid that this has led his daughter astray. Then comes what is, for our present purpose, a very important, though somewhat ambiguous, clause, "except my Lo.'s honesty bee the greater vertuoes." The meaning may possibly be "unless my lord's honesty have greater power to seduce than his noble rank," or, "unless my lord's honesty be superior to my daughter's virtues." But, in any case, the reference to Pembroke's "honesty" is certainly ironical. And, considering the context, it is difficult to find any other reason for this ironical reference than Pembroke's refusal to marry Mrs. Fitton on the ground of her want of "honesty." With this in view it becomes quite easy to understand Mrs. Fitton's being "confident in her chance before God," &c. Sir Edward was not a master of literary or epistolary style; but the construction of the last clause is very peculiar, and so is the spelling of the word "vertuoes"—a mode of spelling remarkable even amid the

* There is a place called Stanner Nab (presumably a hill) a few miles S.E. of Chester city. If this was the place intended, the route taken from London to Macclesfield or Gawsworth was a little circuitous, probably for the sake of a smoother road. It would be interesting to know whether at or near Stanner Nab there are indications of there having been formerly a house of a superior kind.

^t Inserted above the line with a *care* beneath.

laxity and eccentricity of Elizabethan orthography.* The subject was, however, an unpleasant one for Sir Edward; and, probably enough, facts had come to his knowledge which made him feel awkward in alluding to it. This state of feeling is, I should say, reflected in the construction and orthography. Pembroke's refusal may have had little or no reference to Mrs. Fitton's previous marriage, though this marriage probably had a very important effect in developing her character and conduct, as described in the 152nd Sonnet, and elsewhere.

THOMAS TYLER.

THE LATIN "HEPTAPLA."

St. John's, Cambridge: Dec. 8, 1888.

Not having written my letter on the Latin "Heptapla" in time to receive a proof, I have suffered two errors to remain in it. Not George Fabricius, but William Morel, the French printer, in 1560, first printed the 165 verses of Genesis, which for 173 years was all of the poem known to ordinary readers. The omnivorous Jesuit Sirmond does indeed give the commencement and opening lines of all seven books, but the learned world turned a deaf ear to his instructions. I ought to have remembered Morel's little book, for some twenty-four years ago I brought it down from the dust of the "stars" in the Cambridge University library, and placed it on an accessible shelf. My handwriting on the title convinces me of forgetfulness. William Morel published at the same time Claudius Marius Victor's *Alethia*—a paraphrase in three books of part of Genesis. This has recently been reprinted in a very creditable fashion, though the criticism might have been a little less timid, by Karl Schenkl, in the Vienna series. Schenkl assumes that Victor is later than "Cyprian"—a position which seems to me at present doubtful. Anyhow, Victor represents the same school of sound scholarship and emancipation from the "letter" of heathen tradition, whose "spirit" animates his muse.

My second error was a clerical one. I meant to say that Priscillian was martyred 1503 years ago, in 385 A.D.

JOHN E. B. MAYOR.

THE COGNATES OF A.S. "ROD," A CLEARING.

Cambridge: Dec. 16, 1888.

There has been some discussion about the interesting A.S. words *rod* and *rēdan* in the pages of the ACADEMY. But we have not yet had a full explanation of these words, nor a full account of the numerous cognate forms. It seems worth while to point out that we really know a good deal about them.

The Teutonic base is HREUD. Hence we get the strong verb HREUDAN, past tense singular HRAUD, pl. HRUDUM, pp. HRODANS. It is preserved in the Icel. *hrjöda*, to strip, clear; pt. *hraud*, pl. *hrudu*, pp. *hroðinn*. The *h* is frequently dropped, giving the derivatives *rud*, a clearing, from the third stem, allied to which are the Dan. *rød*, as in *Hille-rød*, and the Norw. *rud*, as in *Linde-rud* (*Vigfusson*). With the usual mutation, we obtain Icel. *rydja*, Dan. *rydde*, E. *rid*, to clear ground, Swd. *rödja*, to clear, move out of the way; cf. *ridding*, a clearing, in Atkinson's Cleveland Glossary. This shows that we have really, in English, two verbs of this form. One of them is *rid*, to clear, doubtless of Scandinavian origin; and the other is *rid*, to deliver, A.S. *hreddan*, which alone is given in my Etymological Dictionary, and which would have been better in the form *red*,

* Mr. R. T. Gunton (Lord Salisbury's librarian) was kind enough to re-examine the MS. with reference to the spelling of this word. This spelling, however, if alone, might be not very important.

as it is often found in Lowland Scotch. I have no doubt that the two verbs have frequently been confused, and that the senses run one into the other.

The first stem is also preserved in the O.H.G. *riuti*, a clearing, fallow land; and in the verb *riutan*, mod. G. *reutzen*, to grub up or stub; to which, indeed, Prof. Earle happily refers us, s.v. *rēdan*. Cf. Low G. *rēden*, in the Bremen Wörterbuch. If the A.S. *rēdan* also has the sense "to clear," as conjectured, and is a related word, *ē* must be a variant of the Early West Saxon long *ie* (Sweet, *Hist. E. Sounds*, 483), as in the common verb *hēran*, to hear. It is then the regular form derived (by mutation) from the first or second stem. Mutated forms further appear in the A.S. *hrydīng*, a clearing (Toller), which is valuable as preserving the original *h*. In the Corpus Glossary, we have: "expilatam, *arydīd*"; No. 817. In both these forms the *d* is single, as if the *y* were long; Mr. Sweet supposes that the *y* is short, and doubles the *d* in his Glossary to O.E. Texts, p. 573. Either way, these words go back to the same root as the rest. Passing on to the fourth stem, we find A.S. *rod*, Icel. *rod*, a clearing; a form which even appears as *rod* in O.H.G. (see Schade); whence M.H.G. and mod. G. *roden*, with the same sense as *reutzen* (Flügel). We even find the O. Swed. *ruda*, a clearing (Ihre), in which the Swed. *u* answers to A.S. *o*, as I pointed out once before. Some other forms of less interest will be found in Koolman's E. Friesic Dict., s.v. *riiden*. It is remarkable that the common E. *reed*, A.S. *hrēd*, is from a Teutonic base of precisely the same form; but the connexion in sense is not apparent.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

"ROAD" IN MIDDLE ENGLISH.

Selling, Faversham: Dec. 10, 1888.

Allow me to point out a parallel to Sir James H. Ramsay's "roads and fields—*i.e.*, expeditions and battles." In mediaeval French—*e.g.*, in the *Somme rurale* of Jehan Bouteiller (Abbeville, 1486; but written probably some forty years earlier)—the King of France is frequently spoken of as going "en ost ou chevauchée"; that is with his whole army, or merely in minor expeditions, descents, raids, or inroads upon rebellious vassals or pugnacious neighbours. These "chevauchées" would also include the king's visits or progresses. The distinction between "ost" and "chevauchée" is well kept up throughout Bouteiller's celebrated *résumé* of legal customs. The literal and accurate translation of "chevauchée" is "ride," which affords an exact parallel to what Sir James Ramsay says. I have brought this out more fully in some essays on "Li Roys des Ribaus," now appearing in the *Archives Historiques de la Saintonge et de l'Anjou*.

Of course, "rajd" is merely a northern doublet of the southern "road" (v. "rajd," "ride," and "road," in Skeat's Dictionary).

JOHN O'NEILL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 17, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The New Forces in India," by Sir W. W. Hunter.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Light and Colour," IV., by Capt. W. de W. Abney.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Doctrine of Moral Responsibility," by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations on the Chindwin River, Upper Burma," by Col. R. G. Woodthorpe.

TUESDAY, Dec. 18, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: Recent Changes in Prices and Incomes compared," by Dr. R. Giffen.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Friction of Locomotive Side-Valves," by Mr. J. A. F. Aspinall.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Fifteen New Species of Shells from China, Japan, and the Andaman Islands, chiefly collected by Surgeon R. Hungerford," by Mr. G. B. Sowerby; "Lepidoptera-Heterocera, collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford at Aola, Guadalcanar Island, Solomon Islands," by Mr. Herbert Druce; "Lepidoptera of Japan and

Corea II., Heterocera," by Mr. J. H. Leech; "The Numbers and the Phylogenetic Development of the Remiges of Birds," by Dr. Hans Gadov.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 19, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Standards of Light," by Mr. W. J. Dibdin.

8 p.m. Geological: "Trigonorinus, a New Genus of Onioides from the 'Weisser Jura' of Württemberg, with description of New Species, *T. tricuspidatus*," by Mr. F. A. Bathurst; "Archaeocyathus (Billings) and on other Genera allied thereto, or associated therewith, from the Cambrian Strata of North America," by Dr. George J. Hinde; "The Jersey Brick Clay," by Dr. Andrew Dunlop.

THURSDAY, Dec. 20, 8 p.m. London Institution: "Life History of some Animals," by Prof. C. Stewart.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Historical: "The Site of the Battle of Brunanburh," by the Rev. E. Dyer Green.

8 p.m. Chemical.

FRIDAY, Dec. 21, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Chronology and History of Babylonia," IV., by Mr. G. Bertin.

8 p.m. Philological: "Loan-Words in Latin," by Mr. E. R. Wharton; The Dialect of Urbino and the Nasals *m* and *n*," by Prince L.-L. Bonaparte.

SCIENCE.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. x., No. 4. Vol. xi., No. 1. (Baltimore.) Vol. x. closes with papers by R. Liouville, "Sur les Lignes géodésiques des Surfaces à Courbure constante" (pp. 283-292); by J. M. Page, on "The Primitive Groups of Transformations in Space of Four Dimensions" (pp. 293-346); by W. C. L. Gorton, on "Line Congruences" (pp. 347-367); and a notelet on "Some Theorems concerning the Centre of Gravity," by Prof. Franklin (pp. 368-370). Mr. Page's paper is mainly concerned with the introduction to English readers of Sophus Lie's work, since 1873, upon a new theory, to which he has given the name of the "Theory of Groups of Transformations." Mr. Gorton applies quaternions to the proof of results obtained by Hamilton and Kummer (Crelle, Ixvii.). The notelet gives "almost instantaneous" proof of two theorems of Lagrange. Vol. xi. opens with a memoir on a new theory of symmetric functions, by Capt. MacMahon (pp. 1-36), in which the author carries on his "extension of the algebra of the theory of symmetrical functions," sketched out in a recent communication to the London Mathematical Society. Prof. Woolsey Johnson contributes an article on the "Integrals in Series of Binomial Differential Equations" (pp. 37-54), using the term "binomial equation" in Boole's sense. The next paper is a memoir, presented to the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, "Sur certaines Courbes qu'on peut adjoindre aux Courbes planes pour l'Etude de leurs Propriétés Infinitésimales" (pp. 55-70). In it the author, M. d'Ocagne, discusses several interesting geometrical results. The rest of the number (pp. 71-98) is taken up with an instalment of a memoir, by Prof. Cayley, on the surfaces with plane or spherical curves of curvature. This is an account, in a compacted form, with some additions, of results obtained by Bonnet ("Sur les Surfaces dont les Lignes de Courbure sont Planes ou Sphériques," 1853), and by Serret (in a memoir with almost identical title, Liouville, xviii., 1853).

Mathematical Tracts. Part I. By F. W. Newman. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.) The tracts in question are five in number. The first is on the basis of geometry, with the geometrical treatment of $\sqrt{-1}$. In it some elementary notions are discussed, as the primary ideas of the sphere and circle, definition and properties of the straight line and the plane; and thence the writer gets Euclid's twelfth axiom on the lines of Vincent's definition (1837). With this the reader may compare the appendix to Mr. Dodgson's recently issued *A New Theory of Parallels*. Tract II. contains the geometrical treatment of $\sqrt{-1}$, and is a chapter on double algebra. Tract III., on Factorials, is entitled "Supple-

ment II," and contains an extension of the binomial theorem. In this two new notations are introduced. There is some good mathematics here. Tract IV. is on "Superlinears"—*i.e.*, "Determinants"—and goes over the work in Mr. Spottiswoode's early treatise (on p. 38, l. 9 up, read "PN — MQ"). Tract V. contains twenty-five pages of tables. Table i. gives values of A^{-n} to 20 decimal places, A standing for the series of numbers 2, 3, 4 up to 60, and the odd numbers from 61-77; and n means 1, 2, 3 continued until A^{-n} is about to vanish. Table ii. has values of x^n with 12 decimal places, where x means .02, .03, .04 up to .50, and n is continued from 1, 2, 3 until x^n is insignificant. It will be gathered that there is a great deal of work in these seventy-nine pages, much of which, we should imagine, was done some years since. We have not tested the tables, except in a few simple cases; but we think the text is free from important errors.

Scientific Romances.—No. VII., "The Education of the Imagination"; No. VIII., "Many Dimensions." By C. H. Hinton. (Sonnenchein.) These two little pamphlets continue Mr. Hinton's argument on the same lines as his previous contributions to the study of an abstruse subject. He retains his powerful grip of higher space, and revels in his attempts to open up a way to a knowledge of it which shall make the hypothesis of such space conceivable. We had noted passages for quotation, but our author's argument does not admit of short elegant extracts. Both numbers are of high mathematical interest. The text, as in the previous issues, is very correctly printed, but in No. VIII., p. 27, l. 10 up, we should certainly read "three" for "these."

Elementary Statics. By the Rev. J. B. Lock. (Macmillan.) A new book by Mr. Lock is always welcome. Time only improves his intelligent handling of a subject, and enables him to select with greater certainty just those facts which most need to be elucidated for juniors. We have already had occasion to read his chapters on friction and on the graphic method with a class of pupils, and found them to be excellent. The latter chapter is a new and good feature in a schoolbook, and we hope that in a second edition the author will see his way to append some illustrative examples. The work is based on Newton's laws of motion, and the truth of the parallelogram of forces is assumed, the consideration of the proof being deferred until the student, if he is unacquainted with dynamics, arrives at that branch of mathematics. Such fundamental propositions as are usually proved by the "transmissibility of force" principle are considered in a separate chapter. There are numerous examples, mostly of a simple character, scattered throughout the text; and at the end is a "century" of more difficult exercises. Besides, we have specimen papers from the Cambridge elementary examinations. The answers are given with some fullness.

The Elementary Geometry of Conics. By C. Taylor. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.) A fifth edition revised and enlarged such as this is like good wine, and needs no words of commendation from us. The chief novelty is the addition of a chapter on the line infinity, in which "quasi-geometrical determination of the imaginary points at infinity through which all circles in a plane pass" is given; and in a scholium attention is drawn to "an apparent failure of the Cartesian method to show that there are two such points only in any plane." This chapter is not intended for those at school, but for students of maturer growth. This little work is neatly got up as to typ-

graphical details, and its matter is elegantly reasoned out.

Examples for Practice in the use of Seven-figure Logarithms. By Dr. J. Wolstenholme. (Macmillan.) The most natural remark to make on opening this manual is "Prodigious!" The calculations are made, and the answers are given. The work involved in all this could only have been "prodigious." Before such industry we meekly bow our heads, and commend Dr. Wolstenholme's thorough little brochure to all those "more mathematically-given" men who think, with old Burton, that there is nothing so pleasing as "to calculate or peruse Napier's logarithms, or those tables of artificial sines and tangents, not long since set out by mine old collegiate, good friend, and late fellow-student of Christ Church in Oxford, Mr. Edmund Gunter."

Text-book of Practical Logarithms and Trigonometry. By J. H. Palmer. (Macmillan.) This is a work prepared with a limited object in view, viz., for the "assistance of those who are either preparing for, or have attained to, the position of gunner in the Royal Navy." Proofs of formulæ and rules are purposely omitted from it, its aim being to provide material for a thorough mastering of the practical solution of plane triangles, which shall be intelligible to persons who have had no mathematical training. This being the writer's object, we cannot pronounce an *ex cathedra* judgment upon the point of success or failure; but we can certify that other students, who want examples for practice, will find a diversified set here, with much useful illustrative matter.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra. Part I. By S. C. Basu. (Calcutta.) Mr. Basu has produced a capital book for Hindu students. In it he gives many theorems useful to junior pupils, which do not ordinarily occupy a place in the textbooks. At the end of the chapters are test-questions. The fundamental rules are fully discussed, and every statement illustrated by examples. The work includes chapters on indices, surds, and ratio and proportion, but stops on this side of quadratic equations. There are some 3000 examples, taken from Cambridge and other examination papers, but a great number are new. The answers are given, and an appendix of more difficult examples closes the book. The printing and paper do not satisfy an English eye; but we are glad to see that there is a rising school of young Indian mathematicians who are capable of producing good textbooks like the one before us.

A School Arithmetic. By G. H. Bateson Wright. (Sonnenschein.) This is an arithmetic primarily intended for the Chinese pupils at the Victoria College, Hong Kong. It possesses considerable merit, and some points are put in an original way which has rendered them acceptable to the author's scholars. There are some 2000 "original" examples. In addition to the ordinary contents of such books we have the introduction of problems on surds and indices, and a limited area is devoted to mensuration.

Junior School Arithmetic, Mental and Practical. (Longmans.) This is a handy book, drawn up "to meet the requirements of the Oxford and Cambridge Junior Local Examinations, the College of Preceptors, &c.," and contains specimen papers from these examinations. The rules are very concisely given, and are mainly deduced from worked-out examples. There is a large collection of exercises (the answers may be obtained with the book) which seem well suited for practical work. The ground covered is co-extensive with that of most recent textbooks.

Mathematical Examples, Pure and Mixed. By J. M. Dyer and R. Prowde-Smith. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.) These examples are well adapted for candidates for the Army and Civil Service Examinations, and also for the early stages of preparation for university scholarships. Their number is not excessive, and their subjects are agreeably diversified. The calculus is excluded, the range covering arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, mensuration, theory of equations, analytical plane geometry, statics, and dynamics. Answers are given to the examples.

Key to Lock's Arithmetic for Schools. By Rev. R. G. Watson. (Macmillan.) The third edition of Lock's *Arithmetic* has been stereotyped, and so has reached its final shape. The work before us contains the solutions of the questions in that edition, and is thus a work of permanent value. It has been written under the author's eye, hence there is an identity of character in the two volumes. The solutions are full and clearly arranged, and with compact. Such a key will be a boon to all who teach from the text-book.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & CO. will shortly publish *The Evolution of the Hebrew Language*, by Dr. J. Edkins. This work is somewhat larger than the *Evolution of the Chinese Language* by the same author. It develops the theory that human speech began of necessity with labial consonants and very few vowels, and that the introduction into Semitic speech of all the other vowels and consonants was effected by small changes slowly made. Hebrew was evolved from an older Semitic stem, and that Semitic stem from a biliteral system which possessed monosyllabic roots and a natural syntax. The author divides the Hebrew trilateral period into five sub-periods, of which the fifth was that of the Hebrew literature, the fourth that of the formation of peculiar syntax, the third that of the growth of pronominal suffixes to verbs, the second that of the growth of conjugations, moods, and tenses with the help of pronominal prefixes, and the first that of the trilateral roots. He describes the changes of vowels in the verb paradigms as in accordance with physiology, so that intensity and laxity in the muscles are preceded by excitement and languor in the mind. It is shown that broad *a* is the most suitable vowel for the past tense, and *i* or short *a* for the intensive form of the verb. He traces the Semitic creativeness in the paradigms to the contact of nomad races with the civilisation of the Euphrates and the Nile. Biliteral words and natural syntax survive in Hebrew books, where they are found mixed with the trilateral words and later syntax. It is the task of philology to separate these old and new elements.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Hauréau read a paper upon the moral treatise entitled "Liber de Copia Verborum," which, in all the MSS. where it is found, is attributed to Seneca. But it is well known that the author is really a writer of the decadence, probably of the third or fourth century A.D. M. Hauréau contended that he is identical with the forger of the spurious letters of Seneca to St. Paul and of St. Paul to Seneca. The "Liber de Copia Verborum" is composed of two parts. In the first, the author has imitated Seneca without copying; the second is nothing but a mosaic of fragments borrowed textually from the genuine works of the Roman philosopher. There exists another little work, also assigned in the MSS. to Seneca, which is possibly due to the same forger, for it consists merely of a fresh recension of the first portion of the "Liber de Copia Verborum."

It is entitled "De Quatuor Virtutibus." This treatise came into the hands of Martin, Bishop of Braga, who had the boldness to give it forth as his own, with no other change than a dedicatory epistle and a new title—"Libellus de Formula Honestae Vitae." It is under the name of Martin of Braga, and with this new title, that the work has been often printed, even in the Patrology of the Abbé Migne.

Transactions of the Oxford Philological Society for 1887-8 (Clarendon Press). The most important paper in this very thin issue is one by Prof. Nettleship on the evidence of the Latin Grammarians about the pronunciation of Latin. As Prof. Nettleship remarks, Seelman's treatment of this point, though good, is scarcely full enough. The other contents, apart from "Rules," &c., are: a note on Juvenal i. 155 by Prof. Earle, Aristotelian criticisms by Mr. J. C. Wilson, and two philological papers by Mr. R. T. Elliott. The latter strike one as hardly worth printing. The explanation suggested for the Greek perfect in -*xa* has appeared in several English books before, and the long paper on analogy contains nothing whatever new.

AT the next meeting of the Philological Society, to be held on Friday, December 21, at University College, London, Mr. E. R. Wharton, of Jesus College, Oxford, author of *Etyma Graeca*, will read a paper on "Loan-Words in Latin."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 30.)

B. L. MOSLEY, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. Furnivall (president) announced that, as the Bishop of Ripon was unable to deliver his address that evening, Miss Ormerod's paper would be read. The bishop had promised to come towards the end of January, when the society proposed to hold an extra meeting to do honour to the occasion. Members, he regretted to say, were much in arrear with their subscriptions; but he trusted they would soon be paid, and allow the society to issue one or two engravings, illustrating either "Abt Vogler" or "The Ring and the Book." Dr. Furnivall then read Miss Ormerod's paper, which dealt with "Andrea del Sarto" and "Abt Vogler," the latter part of the paper being the critical complement to her paper of last session on the man and composer, and dealing with Browning's poem.—The chairman proposed a vote of thanks to the writer of a paper full of poetic insight, picturesque and eloquent. In opening the discussion, he proposed to consider Robert Browning from the musician's point of view. Before him, there is no English poet who does more than speak of music in general terms. Their want of technical knowledge had prevented their grasping its full capabilities. For the first time, music has been treated in verse from the technical side by Browning. The speaker illustrated this by quotations from the musical poems. He then called attention to the fact that the views of music entertained by Browning, Wagner, and Schopenhauer were identical, and proved their agreement by concordant passages from the writings of all. As another analogy between Browning and Wagner, he pointed out that each speaks in a language which he has himself created as a fitting medium for his thoughts. They are the leading dramatists of the age, and therefore their ground is sure.—Dr. Berdoe took exception to the poem of "Andrea del Sarto," as dealing with an unworthy man, weak and cowardly.—Dr. Furnivall objected to this view, and pointed out that an Italian cannot be judged as an Englishman. Neither Hamlet nor Romeo would stand the test of such criticism. In literature it is the failures of people that we care for, and "Andrea del Sarto" is the most lovely and affecting poem which Browning has written. Those of his poems touched by emotion are the best worth reading.

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Dec. 5.) MRS. S. A. BARNETT and, afterwards, Frederick Rogers, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Miss

Grace Latham read a paper on "Some of Shakspere's Early Comedies," in which she remarked that it was impossible to get at the heart of Shakspere's works unless we approach them from the dramatic point of view, because he was above and before everything else an actor-dramatist, writing not to be read, but to be represented by trained artists; and that his treatment of a character or situation is dramatic in proportion as his perception of it is clear. She then proceeded to trace his development as a dramatic writer. "Love's Labour's Lost," his first play, and a comedy of manners, embodies the fashionable literary jargons and habits of the time. Its *dramatis personae* are divided into three groups: (1) country folk, (2) Bohemian Londoners, (3) the king, princess, and courtiers. The two first are the outcome of the country and town life which was familiar to Shakspere. They are subtly thought out and dramatically expressed, and have been developed until they cast into the shade the third group, which belongs to a class with which Shakspere was probably unfamiliar. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" we see that Shakspere has gained knowledge of dramatic construction. The characters, again divided into three groups, do not interfere with each other. There is more situation. He can express himself in sweetest poetry; but he cannot depict strong feeling, or, except after the slightest fashion, characters drawn from the higher classes. In the "Comedy of Errors" Shakspere has mastered the first of these difficulties. It is constructed with a comic central group, and a tragic background. Hitherto he has excelled in characters of low comedy; here he gives us two female characters, written with great care and finish, and contrasting very dramatically, and the greater part of which are in a serious vein. This is a comedy of incident, and events, not characters, hold the chief place in it.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Flora's Feast: a Masque of Flowers. By Walter Crane. (Cassell.) At Flora's feast Mr. Walter Crane is quite at home. It would be difficult to find a subject more suited to his peculiar gifts of fanciful and decorative design. His fertility of elegant caprice and dainty vagary, of fragrant sentiment and delicate humour, has indeed often been displayed before, but seldom so purely and perfectly. In this pageant of the year, which commences with the snowdrops preparing to fight the frost with their green lances, and ends with the sad, sweet figure of the Christmas rose, his invention never fails, nor even flags. Each of the forty plates has its own delightful device, its own sweet arrangement of colour, its own fresh spirit. Some, perhaps, may prefer the boyish daffodils sallying forth to hunt, some the fragile anemones blown along by the wind, others may more delight in the cowslips and the oxeyes, with their ingeniously floriated beasts; for others, again, the knightly hollyhock or the proud peony may possess a charm superior, but he will not only be hard to please, but not worth pleasing, who does not find much to admire in this beautiful book. Not the least noteworthy feature of these designs is the fidelity to essential truth with which the flowers are drawn. Twisted and turned about in every conceivable way, made to serve for hats and horns, for boots and ruffs, for fans and scarves, and occasionally, as the columbines and the tiger-lilies, transformed into the shapes of animals, the true character and construction of the flowers and their foliage is never lost sight of. The stalks are even worth attention. If we examine those of, say, the tulip, hyacinth, and hollyhock, we shall find their different degrees of rigidity nicely distinguished. Finally, although the dresses of Mr. Crane's *dramatis personae* would be somewhat light and unmanageable for London streets, *Flora's Feast* is a perfect mine of suggestion for picturesque costume,

which will doubtless not long remain un-worked.

Embroidery and Lace. By Ernest Lefèbvre. Translated and enlarged by Alan S. Cole. (H. Grevel.) This translation of M. Lefèbvre's book is to be welcomed; for, though Lady Marion Alford's *Needlework as Art* travels over pretty much the same ground, this is a much handier and more neatly arranged history of the subject. Its manner of production does much credit to the publishers. It is well printed on nice paper; the illustrations, though some of them are on too small a scale to be of very great value, are numerous and pretty; and the binding is dainty with white and gold, and elegant in design. The text is very comprehensive and full, embracing the history of the art "from the remotest antiquity to the present time," and giving clear information as to the different materials and tools and processes employed. As a handbook of design it is less satisfactory. This is perhaps outside of its intended scope, which is defined in the title as "manufacture and history"; but it would have been more useful to those ladies of to-day who seriously wish to revive the higher art of the needle, and to cultivate the production of lace, if it contained some guiding principles as to the description of design most appropriate to the different fabrics, and some clear outline of the development of different styles. We may, however, be well content with what we have got—a book which is not only a comprehensive, well-arranged, and trustworthy history of a delightful art, but a book which is pleasant to see and pleasant to read, well-written, well-translated, and well-edited. It should be added that Mr. Cole has increased the value of the work by notes and enlargement of the text; if he had given us as a fuller index, he would have improved it still more.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. Burne Jones to the home of his early success. His large altar-piece-like picture of "Charity" is the principal feature of the present exhibition of the "Old" Society. Again, though in somewhat different phase, the artist appears as the continuer of the tradition of Italian painting; the follower of the great masters in practice as well as in spirit, but with his own special feeling for form and his own taste in colour, as well as with the many other idiosyncrasies which go to make up his individuality. It is a necessary drawback to art which seeks so much of its inspiration in the works of others that this individuality should seldom be quite disconnected from pictorial associations. Now Botticelli, now Fra Angelico, seem to give ghostly direction to the artist's mind and hand. In the famous Siren we feel the witchery of Leonardo exercising a still potent spell: and on looking at this, his latest work—"Charity"—it is impossible not to feel that the spirits of Francia and Andrea del Sarto have had an active influence in the conception of the picture. The strange, harmonious, but sad scheme of colour, the peculiar and sweet winsomeness of the children's expression, a certain sense of hushful awe prevailing through the whole composition, reveal the presence of the modern master; and it is scarcely less characteristic of him that the child in Charity's right arm does not seem to rest on it, exercising no pressure on the drapery on which it is supposed to be sitting, and that the security of the child on her left shoulder seems but half secured. Another picture by Mr. Burne Jones—an angel refined in spirit and radiant in colour—and several beautiful studies of heads, &c., for other pictures by the same artist, import a new and

welcome spirit into the character of this exhibition.

But Mr. Burne Jones, if unique, is not alone as representing the higher art of figure drawing. Sir Frederick Leighton sends some of the original studies for his picture of Andromache, masterly drawings of drapery, classical in their fine arrangement of line and fold, personal in their elegant rhythm; and Mr. Poynter sends three drawings which show his "hand." We are sorry that Mr. F. J. Shields and Mr. Albert Moore, the only other members of the society who excel in this branch of art, are absent.

But these drawings are not water-colours, and even Mr. Burne Jones's "Charity" and "Angel," though technically they may be included under this head, have more affinity in spirit and method with the ancient processes of tempera and fresco than with the English art of transparent colour, in which the paper is such a fundamental element of effect, and the peculiar province of which is landscape. In the most refined and poetical landscape work, Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. Albert Goodwin lead, as usual, the way. The impression left by the former's ten drawings is a little sad, or at least sombre. They take us to Normandy and Naples, to Wales, and "on the way to the Maëlstrom"; but it is the poetry of the dusk and misty sea, of smoke and cold black rock, rather than of the sun and the rainbow, the glamour of summer and the gaiety of spring, that he gives us generally now. Still faithful to Whitby, it is not Whitby in the glory of sunset, but "Whitby Smoke" (76) and "Whitby by Moonlight" (92) that we have here; but there is in all his drawings, as in "From the East Pier," a delicacy and depth of feeling that is not to be caught by any imitator. Mr. Goodwin has such a personal way of seeing Nature, or rather, perhaps, of interpreting her, that his drawings are sure of distinction. We are not always convinced of their truth, but they never fail of charm. No one has shown us quite the same aspect of Durham as he in the dainty drawing numbered 187, or of Lincoln (205). He also takes us about a good deal, from the Righi to Clovelly, from the Rhine to Lucca. His picture of the latter place (158), with its red roofs glowing in the evening dusk, and the warm life of the street, contrasting with the solemn calms of the distant hills and sky, is certainly not the least beautiful of his drawings here. The many examples of Mr. Herbert Marshall show no falling-off either in scope or ability. As a faithful, but at the same time a poetical, interpreter of London, with its rich if not brilliant variety of colour, its subtleties of tone, its changeful lights and its dingy greatness, he has few rivals; and in cleaner and sunnier Holland he is more cheerful and almost equally at home.

But there is not much that is new to be said about this winter's drawings, nor about the perfected art of Mr. George Fripp, Mr. William Callow, or Mr. Birket Foster. Of these, and most of the older and younger members, what can we write but that some, like Mr. J. D. Watson, Mr. C. Robertson, and Mr. Jackson, please us rather less; that such others, like Sir John Gilbert, Mrs. Allingham, and Mr. Matthew Hale, please us just as much; and others again, like Mr. Robert Barnes, Mr. Robert Allan, and Mr. Samuel Hodson, please us rather more than usual? It is an exhibition for quiet enjoyment rather than for criticism and speculation.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "MAGAZINE OF ART."

London: Dec. 10, 1888.

I beg your leave to point out—while offering you my sincere thanks for the appreciative review of the *Magazine of Art* in the last issue of the

ACADEMY—that the whole credit of bringing the magazine to the position and point of excellence which you so warmly praise belongs rightly to Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., and not to me. For a considerable number of years that gentleman has filled the position of art director in the firm of Cassell & Co., and for five years past has been art editor of the *Magazine of Art*, so that to his taste and to his energy must be credited the results which you are good enough to describe as "quite amazing." It is owing to the fact that he is a quiet worker—although he has made his influence felt far beyond his own immediate sphere of action—that his claims to recognition have been neither advanced nor generally regarded.

M. H. SPIELMANN,
Editor of the *Magazine of Art*.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. ALFRED EAST—who has left London this week for a rapid tour round the world—has finished some three or four pictures for the most important exhibitions of the season. The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has, of course, not been forgotten—for it has been executed a drawing of dawn over a Cornish mining town. For the great exhibitions of oil paintings there have been completed a striking picture of the last glow of sunset on the fields and houses of a distant hillside; a subtle moonrise over wild waste land, with a group of pines in the foreground; and, lastly, what it may be is Mr. East's most distinguished achievement—a canvas which will bear the title of "Gay Morning," and which displays the chastened brilliance of the early hours of an early summer's day in the midland, the buttercups in the meadows, the river silvery, the trees a-sparkle with life against the breadth and distance of a serene sky. It will be difficult for any other of our younger landscape painters to surpass the charm of this achievement.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON's picture of "The Captive Andromache"—which was one of the most conspicuous features of the exhibition this year at Burlington House—has been purchased by the corporation of Liverpool for the Walker Art Gallery.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Medalists, held at the rooms of the Royal Archaeological Institute, on Tuesday, December 11, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, Deputy Master of the Mint, was re-elected president, and Mr. R. S. Poole and Mr. H. A. Grueter, of the British Museum, hon. secretaries. The society determined to offer, in 1889, two prizes of the value of £25 and £10 for medals, or models of medals, in bronze or plaster.

ON Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the valuable stock of English and foreign china, paintings, &c., belonging to the well-known firm of Messrs. Button & Millett, of Pall Mall Place. Among the pictures, we notice portraits on panel of Erasmus and Luther, which are ascribed in the catalogue to Holbein.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS lectured on "The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt," at the Nicholson Institute, Leek, on November 29, and on the following evening, in the long gallery of the Museum, Nottingham Castle, on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt," Lord Belper, as president of the Nottingham Arts Society, taking the chair. Miss Edwards repeated her lecture on "The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt" (for the Women's Liberal Association) at Hull, on Monday, December 2, and at Tamworth, for the Natural History and Philosophical Society. Finally, at the Priory, Redhill, the residence of Mrs. Fieldon,

she gave her sixteenth and last lecture before Christmas ("The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt"), the proceeds of the evening being devoted to a local charity. Miss Edwards will lecture at Liverpool, Alderley Edge, and Manchester, in February next.

LORD WINDSOR delivered on Saturday last an address to the South Wales Art Society and Sketching Club, at the first meeting of the winter session, at "the Turner House," Penarth.

THE STAGE.

MR. GILBERT'S NEW COMEDY.

THE piece calls itself a drama; but the young lady in Mr. Rutland Barrington's picturesque play-bill is taking down a volume labelled "Modern Comedy," and in France the most serious adventures of the stage, do they but end happily, are known as "comedy," so "comedy" Mr. Gilbert's piece shall be. Besides, quite apart from the graver interest of the play, its lighter scenes show genuine observation and genuine wit. They are in this respect entirely unlike the grotesque farce at which, simply by reason of its extravagance, we are expected by the common playwright to laugh heartily when they are sandwiched between scenes of stirring action or of more or less conventional emotion. Mr. Gilbert's new play is unquestionably faulty, and it is very interesting; and neither of the authorities as to whom we have been asked "Which is right?" can invite our full adhesion to his verdict. The piece bears some resemblance to one of Mr. Gilbert's own complex characters—"the infernal rascal who has done a very fine thing." It has its weaknesses, its improbabilities: we don't very seriously respect, but we do distinctly like it.

The first act, which passes at Brunt's station in the Australian Bush, is both by time and place so much detached from the three acts which succeed it that it is somewhat in the nature of a prologue. It introduces us to hero and heroine—the one an heir to an old title and heavily mortgaged estates, the other the admirable daughter of an undesirable man—it makes us the witnesses of their pathetic separation, when the hero, Arthur Redmayne, is on the point of starting for England; and it includes a declaration of love made by a gentleman who wishes to be divorced to the heroine who is but privately married. But it is, of course, in the later acts that the chief action takes place. These pass either in Brantingham Hall or in the neighbouring house of one Mr. Thursby, a friendly man of wealth and of good feeling. There enters to the aged Lord Saxmundhame, in his ancestral house, a very youthful, very dainty, very sympathetic widow, who introduces herself as having been privately the wife of his son, Arthur Redmayne, now lost at sea. This lady, Ruth Redmayne—having been the recipient of a fortune—would willingly help her father-in-law in his difficulties. But he feels her too much a stranger to be indebted to her for assistance, and, after a while, makes ready to leave his old home. It is Ralph Crampton, the complex character who made love to Ruth in Australia, who holds the mortgage on Lord Saxmundhame's property; and he, having already been once minded to relent, will relent again if Ruth will but be his wife.

She has never cared for him, she does not care for him now, but she makes momentary signs of acquiescence in his wishes; and then, instead of allowing him to spare the aged nobleman, she invents suddenly a story of her having never been married, and of the fortune which Arthur Redmayne had been able to leave her being really the property of his father as his heir. Genial Mr. Thursby—though he has the good grace to invite them, afterwards, to "kick him for having believed it"—does believe it for a little while. But a missionary from the Bush arrives in England and has tidings to break to Ruth; and they are the tidings that her husband is alive and is well, and the piece closes with the return of this young man, with renewed prosperity, at Brantingham Hall, and with the sincere regard which the young lady's constancy and magnanimity aroused in the somewhat turbid breast—may I say?—of Mr. Ralph Crampton. The notion that the ingenuous young woman whom Miss Julia Neilson so prettily, and at some points so pathetically—almost so tragically—impersonates should invent and should be believed in the telling of her melodramatic story that she was mistress, instead of wife, seems to me a mistake. The marriage certificate—the copy of it rather—might well be a fraud; the last will and testament might easily have been forged; but these things would not have been done by the loveable and impulsive young person whose face is not her fortune, perhaps, but, at all events, her character.

I have left unconsidered an ingeniously constructed episode in which, for a time, at an earlier portion of the play, Lord Saxmundhame believes himself to be in possession of the means whereby Mr. Crampton may be satisfactorily settled with. I must on no account leave unmentioned the rather slight, but perfectly genuine, comedy interest in which Mr. Gilbert discloses the mental condition of two delightful young lovers—an Eton boy, who is a younger son of Lord Saxmundhame's, and a certain naïve and winning Mabel, who is the daughter of genial Mr. Thursby. The Eton boy teaches his sweetheart politics. He is a Radical of an advanced type—chivalrous to the last degree, but quite hopelessly ignorant. And the dialogue which passes between these charming young people, in whom the last wisdom of the day is supposed to be suitably enshrined, seems to show that Mr. Gilbert still cherishes his ancient superstition that hearts as pure and fair may beat in Grosvenor Square as in the Seven Dials itself. Like Mr. Balfour, he will not altogether abandon the notion that even the rich are God's creatures.

The piece, then—though faulty—is unquestionably interesting and valuable. It is not turned out to order. It is the work of an original and independent mind, and, in its style, there is the ring of the true metal. "Brantingham Hall" is well mounted—that goes without saying. It is more to the point to say that it is excellently acted by nearly all of the performers concerned. Miss Julia Neilson, on whom the weight of the piece's serious interest really falls, is, indeed, very evidently a lady of but small experience—the pupil does not seem able, at all moments, to free herself from the fetters of the lesson. But it is clear that she has intelligence, and